JOHN BULL, MARCH 23, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1762.

BIG PENSION WON—ANOTHER OFFERED. See page 32

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WALLPAPER DIRECT. SEND for patterns post free from WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY STREET, LEEDS.

DOUBLE YOUR BUTTER RATION. Penn's all-British Butter Merger is now available for only 3/11. Double rations of butter can be made at half cost. Easy to use.—Write to Wm. Penn, Ltd. (Dept. B.J.B.), 623, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills, 250 patterns, post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, Manchester, 4.

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
ON PAGE 2.

You will be sure to find the Bargain you have been looking for, and since all offers are covered by the *John Bull* guarantee on this page you can order with confidence. MR. H. BECKER will teach you how to play the Piano after a few Lessons by his well-known method. CARDINAL Polish is available in various colours. It colours and polishes. Home Billiard Tables are offered by RILEY from 8/6 down. A Big Free Book of Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Cutlery, etc., will be sent by H. SAMUEL, Ltd. These and many other interesting announcements appear in *JOHN BULL'S* SHOP WINDOW.

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TRACERS & DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS read. urgently. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for Free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711), 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS WANTED for permanent, pensionable appointments in various Forces. Good physique important. — Write for Free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), Oxford Street, W.1.

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DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

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EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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FREE to sufferers from bad circulatory troubles and rheumatism. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Elasto (Dept. 18E), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., for free sample of Elasto and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the Elasto Treatment. Send now while you think of it. See Back Cover.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners —everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blundens, Dept. 129G., 9, Oxford St., W.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

POND'S creams cleanse, protect, stimulate and lubricate your skin. Lines and wrinkles are smoothed away and sallowness gives place to fresh, healthy colour. Safeguard your complexion by using Pond's creams now. Use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and lubricate your skin. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream during the day to protect your skin and to hold your powder on smoothly. Ponds creams are sold in handy tubes as well as in the usual jars.

"Middle Age" writes:—

"OWING TO THE BLACK-OUT, WORRY, AND THIS VERY TRYING WINTER I Got Nervous, Irritable And Out-Of-Sorts"

AN ACQUAINTANCE SAID TO ME "Try Yeast-Vite!"

Brand Tonic

Croydon,
February 2nd, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I have often read the claims of users of Yeast-Vite in your announcements, and have often thought the sufferers have just got well by good fortune. I know different now. Owing to the black-out, worry, and this very trying winter, I have got very nervous, irritable, and generally out of sorts. An acquaintance said to me "You want to try Yeast-Vite, old man." I purchased a 1/3 bottle just for a trial, and I feel duty bound to tell you of the results.

After the first week I began to feel more energetic, and slept much sounder. Another bottle properly set me upon my feet again, and I am able to go about my usual routine with a new interest. I can now enjoy a cinema show, whereas the movies used to make me feel really bad.

For times like these I should not imagine that there is any better pick-me-up on the market, and I shall not fail to pass the good news on to others if opportunity arises.

If you care to do so, I have no objection to your publishing my letter, provided my address is omitted, so that I am not bothered with communications from disbelievers. Thanking you for placing such a good remedy before the public.

I am, sirs,
Yours very sincerely,
"MIDDLE AGE."

Accept This Offer!

Yeast-Vite is an accurate scientific combination of pure medicinal yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiae) especially rich in vitamin B, and other wonderful tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists. It is therefore a QUICK acting tonic, so successful that we make the following fair play offer. If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/3 bottle at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question. Sold everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

CATARRH Sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol—the new brand nasal drops which end catarrh misery—write, mentioning *John Bull*, to "Vick," Dept. (M.), 215, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1, sending 2d. stamp.

FREE to rheumatic sufferers! A free trial supply of Curicones, a valuable remedy for all forms of rheumatism, will be sent to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull* (Dept. J.B.4), Stephen Matthews & Co., Mfg. Chemist, 19/21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Accompanying the trial supply will come a special booklet explaining all about the Curicone treatment.

FREE to *John Bull* readers—a free sample of Brooklax, the wonderful chocolate laxative. Highly recommended by doctors and nurses for adults and children. Banishes constipation and gives gentle, thorough relief. So convinced are the makers of the efficacy of this excellent remedy that they invite *John Bull* readers to accept this free trial offer. Simply fill in the coupon on page 28 and send in 1d. stamp (unsealed envelope) or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Westminster Laboratories, Ltd., 4/12 Palmer Street, London, S.W.1.

POULTRY KEEPING.

EGGS ARE SCARCE AND DEAR! In these times everyone should ensure for themselves and their families the vital nutrition provided by eggs. Keep your own fowls. "The Feathered World," on sale every Friday, gives you practical, helpful advice that will enable you to get full egg-baskets economically. Even if you are a small "back-yard" poultry keeper, don't miss the advice of "Feathered World"—out every Friday, twopence.

FREE ADVICE ON HOME POULTRY KEEPING.—Eggs are going to be dearer, and everyone should take steps to ensure an adequate supply of eggs—vital food for all the family. Learn how you can secure full egg baskets economically. Apply at once for FREE BROCHURE to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, who will also send you full details of a remarkable money-saving scheme. Send a postcard at once to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic (Dept. J.16), 65, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Pref.).

GARDENING.

TWELVE glorious bush roses offered for 5/-, carriage paid. This is only one of the many outstanding gardening bargains offered by Rose Growers, Dept. J.B., Dry Drayton, Cambridge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IS your radio reception perfect, or are you troubled with unwanted stations and crackling noises? The wonder D.X. Aerial Eliminator, fitted in thirty seconds, will ensure trouble-free radio. See R. Wigfield and Co.'s announcement on page 2.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS.
Pre-War prices. 56/9 profit on 5/3 board at 2d per punch. Simple. 300-hole board 3/9 & illus. cat.—BURDON HUNTER, 36, Woodville Road, London, E.11.

PALMOLIVE soap is so rich in pure palm and olive oils that every Palmolive bath is a beauty treatment! Palmolive is good for the complexion—it's safe and economical, too. Obtainable everywhere at 3½d. a tablet (U.K. only).

ARE you yet using an Acme Wringer? The day you instal an Acme you've a friend for life. There are various models to choose from, all of which are fully described in the booklet which you can get direct from the manufacturer's. The address is given in the announcement which appears on page 23.

THE first wash will convince you that Sylvan Flakes are safe for your precious silks and woollies. There is not a trace of soda in Sylvan Flakes to even harm your hands! The big size economy packet costs only 1/-. See page 27.

KELLOGGS Corn Flakes at breakfast time provide platefuls of energy. Start the day well with these big golden flakes which are so crisp and taste so good. Give your family a treat—serve Kellogg's. You'll be giving them a first-class breakfast, saving yourself no end of time and trouble. They are only 8d. a packet. See page 25.

GET full particulars of the Murphy Battery Portable Radio set as illustrated on page 16, which can be obtained on hire-purchase terms if desired.

FREE booklet explains all about the world's finest wringer. Every home should have an Acme wringer—it takes all the toil out of wringing and mangling. Obtainable in portable, or, if you have more room, folding stand models. Take the first step. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, for free illustrated booklet. D4—it is post free—to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

EASY planning for wartime meals. War has brought many new cookery problems. With the need for sugar economy we are all having to revise our recipes for cakes and puddings, while fuel wisdom and inexpensive meat dishes are other important items in the budget. Practical hints on these, and almost every wartime problem, are given in The Stork Wartime Cookery Book, which has just been written by Susan Croft. There is a whole section on air-raid interruptions, telling you what to do with cakes, meats, puddings, stews and vegetables. Most attractive ways are given, too, for serving vegetables as complete dishes on their own. Even the grass widower is not forgotten. He has a section all to himself, giving absolutely foolproof instructions for making simple meals. You can get a copy of this book from Stork Margarine Co., Ltd. (Dept. W.205), Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4 (it is free and post free). Ingenuity is the keynote of Susan Croft's recipes, which give scope for as much variety as one could wish. For example, she tells you how to make an inexpensive Christmas or Party Cake that is quite as delicious as any you have tasted.

ONE of the most noticeable effects the war has had on women's wear is that, despite its rising price, wool has become established as the leading fashion fabric. This fashion is due partly to the fact that, unlike raw silk, wool comes from the Empire—Australia, New Zealand and South Africa—and partly from the feeling that the control of wool may be further tightened and civilian supplies considerably curtailed. The demand for woollen fabrics has produced many new materials. Among the latest for women are woollen cloths so fine that they "can be drawn through a ring." Some of these, in beautiful colours and lovely designs, are intended for evening wear and are being used for superb evening gowns by the great French dressmakers. Parisian women are also the first to take to woollen stockings for town wear. Of course, these new wool stockings have nothing in common with the clumsy, dingy hose of long ago. One very smart Frenchwoman, for example, strolled into a fashionable lunch restaurant recently wearing a dark red woollen suit with dull blue woollen stockings and red clumpy shoes, and breathlessly smart she looked. For afternoon and evening wear stockings in lace wool are promised, and it is said they wear very well. The latest tip on washing wool comes from the Rinso Wash Testing Laboratory, who have conducted the most intensive research into this, and they find that there is no shrinking and no felting so long as the following rules are obeyed:—Put your woollies into lukewarm Rinso suds and move them about gently. This loosens the dirt, which will come flowing out without any rubbing. It is the friction of rubbing that causes felting, and rubbing is quite unnecessary. This is the way to preserve the fleeciness and warmth of wool.

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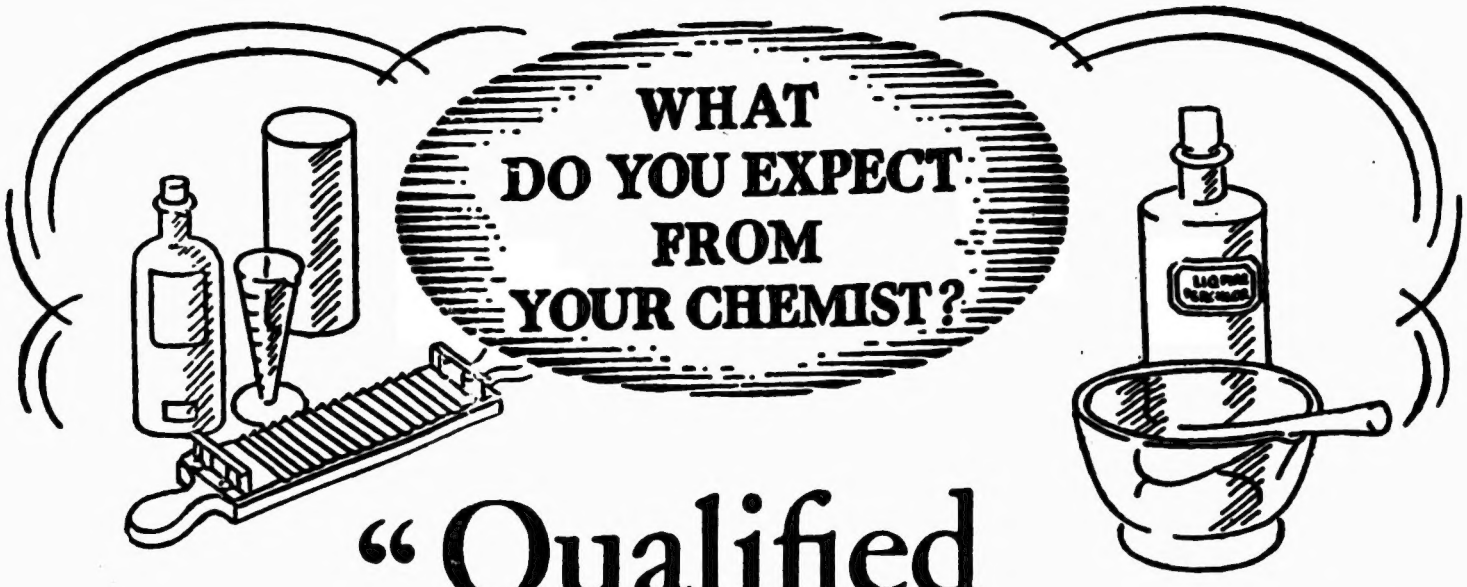
THOUSANDS OF ORDERS
are
POSTED DAILY.

Why limit trade to Local requirements? In times like these TENS OF THOUSANDS must BUY BY POST. *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" reaches millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL. GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull* (Room 23), 57-59 Long Acre London, W.C.2.



"Qualified by Examination"

. . and that's not all.

IN some Boots branches there are several chemists "qualified by examination." In *every* Boots branch there is at least one. There is nothing extraordinary in that, for the law demands that the dispensing of poisons, for example, shall be supervised by those who have proved their skill and knowledge by official examination. But we would like you to regard the "chemist at Boots" as something more than a highly trained and skilled professional man. He is really more than that. He represents something that Boots have been building up for more than 50 years: their reputation for reliability. He is the guardian of that reliability not only in the dispensing of prescriptions but in every transaction, however small, that you conduct with Boots the Chemists.

Throughout Boots branches there are more than 2,000 fully qualified chemists

...you can always rely on

The Boots Chemists

JOHN BULL *Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 23, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468*

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

Hitler's New Offensive

THIS week Hitler made not one important move on the chessboard of war, but two.

Leaving in his armoured train to meet Mussolini, he had little confidence that his latest—and perhaps final—bid for a patched-up peace would succeed.

Mussolini had given a stony reception to von Ribbentrop, was almost as cool when the Fuehrer himself telephoned to Rome.

The new "peace offensive," forecast by A. G. Gardiner in these columns a fortnight ago, seemed doomed.

Economic Aggression

None the less, Hitler decided to rush to Italy in the hope of convincing Mussolini—and Mr. Sumner Welles—by a barrage of words.

Before leaving Berlin, he gave orders for the next phase of the war to be started immediately, a great campaign of economic aggression.

He hopes to frighten small neutrals into giving him 100 per cent. trade and financial support.

In the next few weeks his economic aggressors will be Nazi generals. Their arms are threats and their strategy is coercion.

The Thumbscrew

Leader is Dr. Clodius. He followed Ribbentrop to Rome, but stayed there. With twelve assistants, he is working out a scheme by which overseas supplies shall reach Germany through Italy.

Second-in-command is Herr Wohltat, the adventurer who turned economic adviser to Goering and tried to bamboozle Britain into giving the Nazis a vast loan.

He will be sent to Sweden and Norway to turn the Nazi screw.

Herr Schnurre and Herr Ritter finish the quartet of economic hooligans. Their job is to extract from Russia all she can spare—and more—for Germany.

They Aren't Civilians

According to their wishes, troops are moved to the frontiers of neutral countries they plan to intimidate.

One word from them is enough to start a Nazi publicity campaign from which the neutrals must fear that worse is to follow.

Police are trying to track down a band of enemy agents spreading alarmist stories in public places.

* * *

They do not hesitate to point out that Goering, chief economic blackmailer, is also commander of the Nazi bombing squadrons.

Mussolini Replies

This new plan for "secret warfare" had to be formed just when the way seemed clear for the Black and Red Dictators to start their next big phase of open war.

Finland had been beaten to her knees. In her defeat, the world believed, the Allies also had suffered a severe reverse.

Within a few hours, Mussolini had handed the Allies a diplomatic victory.

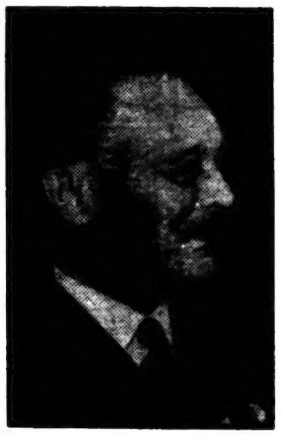
Closed to Hitler

Italy offered direct collaboration with Turkey in the event of Russian aggression in the Balkans.

This was a polite way of saying that the Balkans were closed to Hitler as well as to Stalin.

Ribbentrop had been sent to Rome to prevent this slamming of the door.

He told the Duce, again, that the tie-up between Nazism and Communism didn't really amount to much, that Hitler was the active partner.



Weygand's army is ready to the last detail

Failed to Fizz

If Germany were allowed to collar the Balkans she would see that Mussolini would be richly rewarded with territory stolen from a broken Britain and a feeble France.

Once again, the ex-champagne salesman failed to fizz.

Last Throw

In desperation, Hitler decided to launch the new "peace offensive," plus a campaign of economic penetration lest the first plot collapsed. To obtain Italian consent for this move, **the Duce will be offered a bribe of vast profits in the traffic of goods from the Balkans to Germany through Italian ports.**

He must have those goods—particularly oil—if he is to take full military action not only against Britain and France, but against Scandinavia and the Netherlands.

Turkey's Might

With the Finnish war over, for the time being, at any rate, Russia will now be able to send more supplies to Germany.

Yet experts have told Hitler that it will take at least two years for Russian transport to be made adequate for the traffic.

Thanks to British diplomacy, the Balkans are by no means eager to help, as a JOHN BULL ambassador-at-large reports on page 18.

Nor are they likely to believe Goebbels' pretence that Finland was crushed because Britain was too weak to keep its promise, so that other countries should hurry to support "strong Germany."

Above all, Hitler and Stalin dare not risk Italy's active help on the side of Turkey: a Turkey, immensely strong herself, backed by the powerful Allied army commanded by General Weygand.

Young Turks, indeed, would like their Government and that Allied Army to take the initiative.

Suicide Attack

Attached to that army are strong British forces and R.A.F squadrons, sharpshooters from Morocco, fearless Algerians, tough Senegalese, Foreign Legion units, and mechanised units straight from the Maginot Line.

Stalin is hastily building defences for fear of attack on his southern borders; neither he nor Hitler could escape suicide if they challenged action on a southern front without first making sure that Italy would stand aloof.

Nazis are shooting ten or twelve people a day in Warsaw, ironically stage the executions in the gardens of the Polish Parliament at 3 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. each day.

* * *

Italy has clearly indicated that, far from remaining passive, she would take up arms herself against the invaders.

Scurrying Nazis

The Allies' barometer in southern Europe, therefore, is set fair Equally clear is that their political stock in the West has fallen.

Feeling in France, the United States, and to a large extent in Britain also is that diplomatic initiative has again passed to the Nazis in the last week.

Demand grows for definite action to offset the intriguing and scurrying of Hitler and von Ribbentrop.

No "Passive Resistance"

"Begin the war in earnest" pleas, made at the secret session of the French Parliament, are being heard in high British quarters, too.

Government will shortly announce plans for new oil-from-coal plants to provide scores of millions of gallons of petrol each year. Among the methods to be used is an invention that is far superior to anything held by the Nazis.

* * *

Strengthening of the French Cabinet may well be followed by changes in the British Cabinet, and less "passive resistance" to the Ministers who favour a 100 per cent. effort to get on with the job of defeating the enemy.

No Gas Fears

Home Office order that all gas masks are to be inspected has prompted other rumours, chiefly that Nazis have discovered a new gas against which the present masks are useless.

Forget it.

British Secret Service knows that no new gas has been devised since the one created at the beginning of the war.

Government experts claim the British mask is proof against that and all others.

Continued overleaf

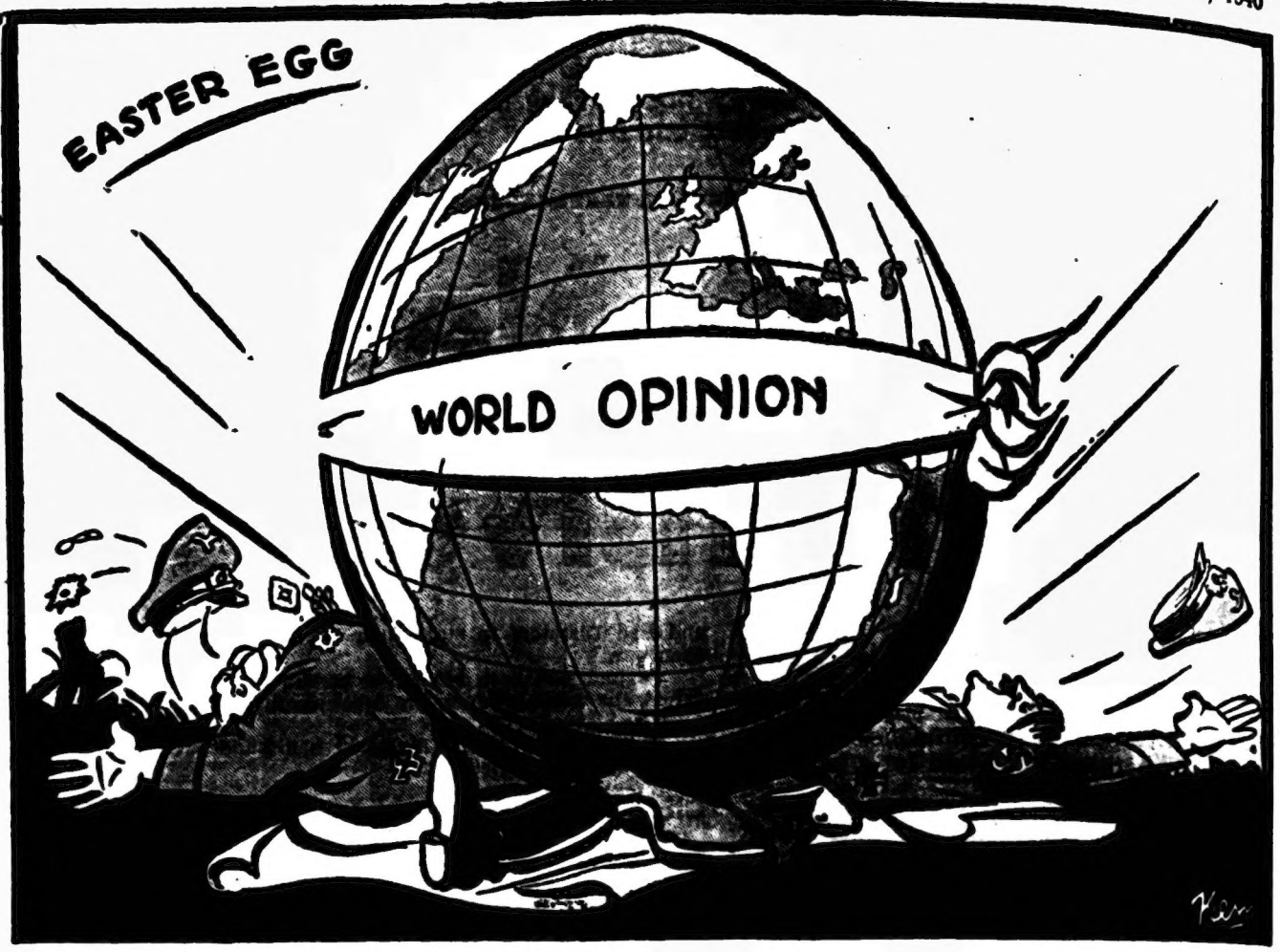
"THE INCREASED RISK OF SERIOUS AIR RAIDS DURING THE PERIOD WHICH WE ARE NOW ENTERING. . ."
SIR ANDREW DUNCAN—President of the Board of Trade.

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S.

FREE FOR EVERY READER *SEE PAGE 34.*

KEM'S CARTOON



Continued from preceding page

Sir John Simon unsealed his lips when opening Treasury coffers to take the £700,000,000 voted by Parliament for war needs.

He reveals that the country is now spending £6,500,000 a day.

Army, Navy, Air Force and Ministry of Supply take four millions a day. A.R.P., shipping, food and evacuation cost a million a day.

Total war costs are five millions a day, ordinary services account for the remaining million and a half.

Refugee Labour

Mr. Ernest Brown's Ministerial lips are to be ungummed by M.P.s who want to know why refugees are flooding into clothing factories engaged on Government orders.

Trying to beat the black-out, British scientists hope to make perfect a system of powerful searchlights creating a blanket of impenetrable light in the sky. Doubtful if Government would agree.

* * *

Small employers in London's East End find it easy to secure, from official employment exchanges, alien workers who will accept less than trade board wages.

Often these aliens work for 30s. a week, receive grants allowed them by refugee organisations.

Only Aliens

Some workshops now only employ aliens.

Although permits granted them stipulate that British workers must not be prejudiced, cases come to light of refugees accepting employment for which British labour is available.

Trade Unions will probably demand a conference with the Minister of Labour on the subject.

Made 'em Look Up

Neutrals reaching London from Berlin report that nothing has impressed the Germans more than the dropping of flares from R.A.F. aircraft.

Those dropped over Berlin, Stettin and North-West Germany burned for more than ten minutes and gave a light of two million candle-power, brilliant enough to make any Nazi take notice.

Not to be confused with Very lights, these flares are released in the same manner as a bomb, are fitted with a vane that explodes after the case has safely left the machine.

Parachute Flare

The explosion ignites the flare and blows it from the case. A parachute then opens and supports the flare, which

Henlein, chief of the Sudeten-land Nazis, quadrupled his body-guard, cancelled his public engagements, since he found many of his former supporters determined to restore Czech freedom.

* * *

slowly falls or even remains poised for several minutes.

Heated air rising from the burning magnesium gives extra buoyancy.

Leaflet Balloons

Not to be outdone, the French are bombarding Germany with huge number of leaflets dropped from balloons.

● Right Hon. Sealed Lips
● Flares Make Nazis Blink
● New Light on "Black-out"
● Butter at 3s. a pound!

Touchy Nazi gunners, fearing some new Jules Verne or H. G. Wells invention, have been wasting shells in trying to bring the balloons down.

About ten feet in diameter, painted yellow, the balloons carry a wooden frame on which the leaflets are stacked.

Scattered Everywhere

A burning fuse causes the leaflets to be dropped at regular intervals, each bundle breaking as it leaves the rack and scattering the leaflets over a wide area.

More trouble among German miners. Latest of their grouses is that ersatz soap cannot rid them of coal-dust. They threaten to strike again.

* * *

When all have been dropped, the fuse reaches an ignition point and the balloons explode.

See How They Laugh

On another little matter the Germans have a laugh.

British newspapers were allowed on March 9 to reveal the antidote to the Nazi magnetic mine.

Last week British newspapers were once again told by a blundering officialdom to keep quiet about the "degaussing" device.

Germans knew that their secret weapon had been effectively beaten by a British invention by March 6.

Magnetic Ignorance

The *Lindisfarne*, among the first ships to be fitted with the new invention, arrived at Rotterdam on March 4.

Nobody was allowed on board, except for loading and unloading, but the whole device was plainly visible from the quayside. Dutch newspapers naturally described it.

Naturally, Nazis read the description.

Naturally, all other countries to which our demagnetised ships sail will know all about it. Only the British public will be kept in ignorance.

Gestapo in India

Nazis in India are becoming even more active than the Reds, whose plots we revealed a fortnight ago.

European suspects have been arrested in Bombay, many German refugees are under suspicion.

These Gestapo agents are mostly employed in non-British European and Japanese firms in Calcutta, Bombay, Madras and other cities.

Indian youths with extremist views are also securing jobs in these firms.

"Aryan" Supremacy

Nazi propaganda tells Hindus that, being of Aryan descent, they should support Hitler's endeavours to re-establish Aryan supremacy.

Swastika Leagues are appearing throughout British India. General headquarters at New Delhi, close to the Vice-regal Lodge!

Indian extremists broadcast to their own country from Berlin. It is plain that Hitler hopes to cause unrest all through India, for his hirelings are busy even among the Moslems.

Orders that Czech farmers must hand over 90 per cent. of wheat crops and that bread must not be supplied with meals in Polish cafés prove that Nazi wheat reserves are not so enormous as Goebbels pretends.

* * *

Cotton Drive Abroad

Big new drive to sell British cotton goods abroad is now being planned. The rayon industry is also likely to be greatly expanded.

This is the reason for twenty occupations in cotton spinning and weaving, and rayon weaving, being made reserved occupations at the age of twenty-five.

Butter Profits

Bigger butter rations will probably fail to end the glut until prices are reduced.

Worth noting is that restaurant keepers, paying less than the retail price of 1s. 7d. a pound, have found rationing a profitable business.

Sold in penny pats to their customers,

Nazi airmen say that Dutch anti-aircraft fire has become disturbingly accurate, and they must now fly at more than 15,000 feet. Photographs of Dutch defences will be less detailed.

* * *

butter brings them nearly 3s. a pound profit.

Vienna Plant Strike

Not butter or profits in Germany.

News has just trickled through underground channels of a big strike in Vienna metal plants a month ago.

Better food rations was the chief demand.

Gestapo threatened to shoot every tenth worker in the factories—but the men won.

Neutrals Prepared

Options on land, buildings and camps in Britain have been taken by agents associated with Belgian and Dutch Governments.

Purpose is to prepare for emergency accommodation for refugees.

Breather

Catholics throughout Germany, Bohemia and Nazi Poland are to have a brief respite from persecution.

Nazis were so disturbed by the Vatican's strong words to Ribbentrop that they are eager to avoid "incidents" for a while.

But their need of gold is so great that the pillaging of Catholic cathedrals will probably not stop for long.

Calvary 1940..

Suffering and despair such as this has not been seen since the dark ages

THIS is Easter Week.

Nearly two thousand years ago the Prince of Peace was crucified. To-day the Powers of Darkness have ordained the Calvary of a Continent and the crucifixion of human liberty.

We approach the most solemn festival of the Christian year saddened by the still recent knowledge of Finland's surrender to her giant enemy.

It would seem, judging from mere surface events, that a vain sacrifice has been made by valiant men and that the cause of Freedom has sustained a major reverse.

This is not true.

THE FINNS, WHO ARE MOURNING THEIR DEAD THIS EASTER AMID THE RUINS OF THEIR RAVAGED TOWNS, FEEL THAT THEY HAVE LOST "ALL SAVE HONOUR," AND CAN SEE FOR THEMSELVES NO SALVAGE FROM THE WRECK OF ALL THEIR GALLANT HOPES.

But the end is not yet. Men cannot fight and die for freedom wholly in vain.

For the dead still set an example to the living. It may be that Finland's heroic stand will still fire the timorous, selfish neutral world to fresh courage, and that her unmerited humiliation will steel the purpose of all men prizing liberty above life and justice more than personal ease.

A YEAR ago we had already entered the Valley of the Shadow, but two years ago, on the eve of Good Friday, 1938, JOHN BULL published, while there was yet time, an earnest appeal to "the Men of Destiny," whose dark and spreading shadows had already cast a chill athwart the civilised world.

There were three of those men then—Hitler, the Mad Mullah of Germany; Stalin, the Red Czar of All the Russias; and Mussolini, the enigmatic leader of a resurgent Italy.

There are three of them still, but only one who has made himself the declared enemy of all men of good will and all peoples asking nothing but the right to lead their lives in freedom and in peace.

Stalin has done no more than "cash in" on his brother gangster's "racket."

Mussolini, the only one of Europe's dictators who puts his country's interests before his personal ambitions, has been content so far to look on, watchful and wary, at a struggle that can confer no material advantage to any but the "non-belligerents."

BUT ADOLF HITLER, DRUNK WITH POWER, AND "DOPED" WITH ALMOST BLOODLESS "VICTORIES," STILL HOLDS SWAY OVER A HUNDRED MILLION DUPES AND SLAVES, AND HAS NOT CEASED TO PURSUE HIS MADMAN'S DREAM OF WORLD DOMINION.

In his most recent speech he dared to beseech God's blessing on his devil's work.

JOHN BULL first appealed to Hitler at a time when one authoritative word from him—a single decisive gesture—might have saved the world from this Gethsemane.

Many times and from many sources the same appeal was renewed and the same warning repeated. It was all in vain.

He whom they called "the Leader," paid no heed.

His life had not been wholly selfish. He had done great things for Germany and dreamed of greater.

Again and again he had sworn that he wanted peace.

Again and again his actions had belied his words, but, even so, peace for Germany and peace for Europe *could* have been his for the asking.

Yet he chose war.

He did not hesitate to sacrifice his own countrymen to his ruthless lust for power. And the anguish and shame of millions of humble people, which cry to High Heaven for vengeance, are solely of his ordaining.

It is well to remember this.

Our distinguished contributor, A. G. Gardiner, warned you last week to beware of the next Nazi "peace trap. To-day he addresses the peoples of the United States very frankly on their responsibilities in the fight against tyranny.

No matter what peace proposals may be put forward under American or any other sponsorship, there can be no hope of enduring peace, or even of our own survival as a great Power, until Europe is freed from the threat of force.

Let Finland be a lesson to us.

And if we, fighting Stalin's master and preceptor, were content with anything short of complete victory, we should deserve to suffer the shame and bondage of that surrender.

When all the Christian world commemorates the supreme sacrifice of the Cross, there should be no hatred in our hearts, yet, for love of our fellow men, we must steel our purpose to war.

Great Britain and France are engaged in something far greater than a struggle for their own existence. They are fighting to end the Calvary of innocent millions the world over.

Without Fear or Favour
By the EDITOR

Consider what Nazi Germany has done.

Since Hitler came into power, he and his agents have suppressed all freedom in their own country, tortured and murdered and bludgeoned their minorities into submission, corrupted the mind of youth and poisoned the wells of truth throughout the Reich.

THEY resorted to the policy of persecution. **This vile mania of persecution spread like a pestilence to other lands, and the lamentations of the dispossessed and homeless swelled into a chorus of suffering and despair such as has not been heard since the Dark Ages.**

Hitler and his lieutenants became the arch-priests of a new idolatry.

They ordained the worship of the State Supreme, and they tried to compel the Catholics and Protestants alike to pay homage.

In this they could not wholly succeed, for there is but one true Cross, and the crooked cross of the Swastika cannot prevail against it.

Indeed, as Von Ribbentrop's humbly-besought audience with the Pope has proved, they have begun to realise, too late, the peril that has come on them from their impious challenge.

With the Anschluss, Austria passed from freedom into bondage. After the Munich betrayal, the once proud people of Czechoslovakia were reduced to the status of a subject race.

And the martyrdom of Poland now cries to High Heaven for vengeance.

We came into this war as a direct consequence of our guarantee to this unhappy country.

But the Poles can take no comfort from that guarantee.

HUNDREDS of them, young and old, have been murdered in cold blood; thousands upon thousands have been driven from their homes and transferred like cattle to live or to die in barren lands.

Their churches have been defiled, their monuments defaced, their priests assassinated and shamed, their ancient seats of learning broken up, and their entire population infamously enslaved.

IF WE DO NOT RIGHT THIS TERRIBLE WRONG, AND IF WE DO NOT BRING ITS PERPETRATORS TO JUSTICE, THE NAME OF GREAT BRITAIN WILL BE DISGRACED FOR EVER, AND THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM AND JUSTICE UTTERLY BETRAYED.

"Hitlerism" has brought more suffering to the world at large than can be measured by any tally of massacre alone.

The burden of armaments, the crazy deadweight of the weapons of war, is bowing down the shoulders of humanity itself.

No country can escape it.

Fear broods over the world like a bird of prey.

The smaller neutrals see their ships sunk and their crews and passengers wantonly murdered, and dare not make effective protest.

Fear of Hitler and of Stalin compelled Scandinavia to refuse passage to the Allied troops and to stand aside while Finland fought alone for freedom. Now, when it may be too late, a growing fear may force these northern countries into combined defence.

Fear and selfish greed have prevailed too long in the councils of every country, our own included.

Through them the League of Nations, which might have been the effective instrument of our salvation, became instead a sort of international "parish council."

And fear and selfish greed are the only effective allies left to "Hitlerism," now that it has been at last brought to bay.

This is the week of sacrifice.

Do not let us pretend that in this country we have yet been called upon to bear great hardship or endure great trials.

As the weeks pass and the might of our war effort increases and the flower of the nation's manhood is transplanted from our homes to the grim fields of conflict, we must expect increasing sacrifice and heavier burdens.

Are we to be dismayed by this?

Rather let us be proud and glad that we can play our part in a noble enterprise, and that we can share in the immense and necessary sacrifice by which alone we can end the Calvary of this generation.

★ Open Letters ★

They're not so cheery when they have to salute "civilians in uniform"

COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF,
The Fighting Services

DEAR SIRS,—Civilians in uniform are becoming as plentiful as blackberries in autumn, with as many thorns to anger real fighting men and the public.

It seems easy to blossom into officer's uniform if you intend to handle a pen rather than a gun.

A famous author is decorating Paris with his naval uniform. One of his fellow-writers is a flight-lieutenant who cannot fly. Two novelists hold similar rank to encourage them in their task of writing publicity pieces that the newspapers do not want.

In one civilian Government office there are seventeen generals, fifty-one colonels and seventy majors.

Many of the hundred M.P.s who enlisted are on active service. Others are able to leave their "clerks-in-uniform" jobs two or three times a week to appear in Parliament.

The Prime Minister hints that they ought not to wear uniform in the House. The Chancellor invites them to forgo their Parliamentary salary of £600 a year as long as they draw military pay for half-time work.

Wealthy men, securing soft jobs in civilian State offices, ordered their uniforms even before they were appointed.

Why did they know they were certain to get commissions? Why must these amateur warriors—more familiar with Mayfair or Chelsea than with the parade ground or hangar—be saluted by fighting men of long experience?

Why should painters and journalists hold higher rank than officers of proved skill and gallantry?

Your Services need journalists and painters to keep the public informed of your work. The great Departments of State need clerks and accountants.

Let them wear uniforms, but without having rank. That is already the position of newspaper war correspondents and B.B.C. observers attached to the B.E.F. It should be the rule for all non-combatants connected with the Forces.

It should be applied to the gentry occupying well-padded armchairs of Whitehall.

Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—For the last time, I demand that parents of soldiers, sailors and airmen killed on active service should be granted pensions—whether or not they are capable of self-support.

The War Minister announced that in future soldiers' dependants will not have to prove that they cannot maintain themselves to get an Army allowance.

That principle should be adopted by your notoriously mean Department.

I am tired of bringing to your notice the injustice inflicted upon poor parents of men who have been killed in their country's service.

I am weary of excuses. Get power to make the regulations more fair and merciful—or get out.

The ELDER BRETHREN,
Trinity House

VENERABLE SIRS,—Allow me to bellow in your age-dulled ears the news that there is a war on, and that another lightship has been attacked by enemy aircraft.

Sixteen bombs were dropped.

The unarmed crew could only cower in the bows. They did not even have a radio.

Are you so behind the times that you do not realise the necessity for radio?

Mr. Churchill should enlighten you before more valuable lives are wasted.

Miss WENDY WOOD,
London Glamour Girl

DEAR WENDY,—Your artificial glamour makes me blink, but even more dazzling is the extravagance of your employers.

Five pounds' worth of liquid gold is sprayed over you every night for your ten minutes' show in a London theatre. You'd die if it were left on for more than half an hour.

Maybe. It's even possible that pleasure-seekers, goggling at your gilded nudity, think of the official appeals for economy, and the workless who receive less than £5 a month.

But I doubt it.

Rt. Hon. H. RAMSBOTHAM, M.P.,
First Commissioner of Works

DEAR SIR.—A reader applied to your Department for a job at the beginning of December.

Last week he was notified that none was available.

Are you so busy seizing hotels and offices that you have no time to pick men to work in them?

The MAGISTRATES,
Brentford

YOUR WORSHIPS.—By fining a man for a black-out offence you reveal the law's biggest blind spot.

The man said the light had been left on by an A.R.P. warden; three of the other four people in the house couldn't see it. They are blind.

In law, the householder is technically responsible.

But if the real offender were fined the mirror of justice would show less distortion

Sir GERALD CANNY,
Chairman, Inland Revenue

DEAR SIR GERALD,—A Clifton hotelkeeper lost his income when his premises were commandeered. The Government owes him hundreds of pounds in compensation.

Yet he is threatened with court proceedings unless he pays income tax within seven days.

Remembering that the late Jack Phillips was allowed to owe £80,000 in tax, how can you justify this thumbracking of a man who obviously can't pay?

Tell me what steps you are taking to round-up the big dodgers, and allay the public's anger.

Mr. LIPTON,
Lipton's Chemical Co., Hendon

SIR,—I cannot hope to shame you, for shame is unknown to mean minds. But I warn you that, when war creates a labour shortage, you will find it impossible to secure workers unless you pay a living wage.

In a letter to Hendon magistrates you admit paying only 35s. to a storekeeper, aged more than forty, who is often in charge when you are absent. As he has a child to keep, I do not wonder he has been summoned for rate arrears.

I marvel only at the social system that tolerates such disgraceful exploitation.

Lady DENMAN,
Women's Land Army

DEAR MADAM,—Is it true that there are only eight girls in training at Cookstown school for Land Army volunteers, with six servants to care for them, three teachers earning £680 a year between them and a superintendent who gets £300?

What excuse is there for such scandalous waste, and for the shortage of farm workers in the district?

The CORPORATION,
Newport

GENTLEMEN,—Petty, irritating and narrow-minded is your decision not to open cinemas on Sunday evenings for the benefit of the troops.

They may be pardoned if they feel resentful that, while they have left their home comforts in order to fight for yourselves as well as their own people, you show them a contemptible lack of hospitality.

Even if they don't feel angry, I do!

CHIEF PAYMASTER, INSPECTOR,
War Office

SIR,—Chaos in Army pay offices continues.

One soldier, discharged last month, has not received any of the credits due to him despite the efforts of his commanding officer. His wife has not had a penny since December.

Another, whose wife is owed £12 6s. by your uniformed snails, faces a summons for rate arrears and is behind with mortgage repayments.

Carry on with the inspection!

The CORPORATION,
Doncaster

GENTLEMEN,—The heaviest burden of the war so far has been boredom. On none has it weighed more heavily than A.R.P. workers.

Those in your town are now ordered to work twenty-four hour shifts, making their duty hours 96 in one week and 72 the next.

The obvious way to reduce their efficiency!

Rt. Hon. Sir ANDREW DUNCAN,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Enquiries made in many districts convince me that few retailers carrying a stock of £1,000 or more have offered to pay war risks insurance.

And they are not being asked to pay; yet, by law, they are liable to a fine of £50 a day. Evidently that is mere bluff.

Either admit the bluff or enforce the regulation.

It is monstrously unfair that traders paying the insurance should be undercut by those who don't.

Lady MABEY ANNIE LEY,
Pitt Manor, Winchester

MADAM,—Hoity-toity! Stopped for driving with unscreened lights in the black-out, you are said to have remarked, "The sooner you policemen are all sent to France, the better."

And the sooner you give the police less trouble and impertinence, the better will be the land you are so anxious for them to leave.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—The astonishing success of your first War Loan issue is a tribute not only to the immense wealth of Britain but to the eagerness of the small investor to "do his bit."

It should encourage you to issue a second and similarly vast Loan far earlier than you had intended.

Yours faithfully

President Roosevelt knows who ordained this war

A. G. Gardiner

turns back a few pages over the last three years of disillusion and has a

STRAIGHT TALK to the U.S.A.

Mr. Sumner Welles can have no doubts

I VENTURE to address the peoples of the United States through you, dear Mr. President Roosevelt, because of some remarkable words spoken by your Ambassador to this country, Mr. Joseph Kennedy, on his recent return from the States.

They were spoken to a company of journalists in answer to a question, and were intended therefore for the widest publicity, which they have duly received.

The words were these: "If you mean by isolation a desire to keep out of the war, I should say that it is even stronger [in the United States] than during the two months I was there.

"*People understand it less and less. They don't understand what it is all about.*"

As Mr. Kennedy did not dissociate himself from that view, I assume that he also is in the same fog. He doesn't know what the war is all about.

You will therefore forgive me if, in addressing you, I seek to lift the fog that possesses your people and your Ambassador.

THE FIRST THING TO BE SAID ABOUT THIS WAR IS THAT IT WAS ORDAINED BY THE UNITED STATES.

YOUR great predecessor, Woodrow Wilson, who brought your country into the last war, did so, in his own words, "to make the world safe for democracy."

In pursuit of that high purpose he, when the peace came, did two things.

He induced the Versailles Conference to organise World Peace under the Covenant of the League of Nations.

And, in order to allay the fears of France, he, with this country, gave her the further security of the Tripartite Pact against the recurrence of the terror from which, for the second time in fifty years, she had just emerged.

Both these momentous acts were dishonoured by your country.

It repudiated the Pact and it abandoned the League.

It destroyed the one and it doomed the other to failure.

And by this betrayal of the cause of democracy it ordained this war.

You, sir, know it. We and France know it. And, in their hearts, your people know it.

But Mr. Kennedy says they do not know it. We are to suppose that to them this is just another dogfight—six of one and half a dozen of the other.

Yet your people can read. They are not ignorant of the terrific story of the past three years.

They have heard of the tragedy of Austria, of Czechoslovakia, of Poland. Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, Benes and Niemoller are not unknown names to them.

They have read of the purges and pogroms, of the massacres and the concentration camps.

They have even been shocked by these things.

Did you, sir, not recall your Ambassador from Berlin after that bloody night when, through every city of Germany, at an appointed hour, the hooligans of Hitler and Goebbels wreaked a vengeance upon Jewry compared with which the Bartholomew Massacre was a trifle?

Did not the very journalists who to-day are wondering what it is all about assail this country because it did not fight—as I think it ought to have fought—for Czechoslovakia?

Then we were denounced for our betrayal of democracy. No words were too insulting for Mr. Chamberlain and his policy of appeasement.

Oh, yes, in spite of Mr. Kennedy, the American people know very well what it is about. Let me give an illustration.

Senator George Norris, the isolationist, recently gave a broadcast in your country defending the lifting of the American arms embargo as "absolutely imperative" to keep the United States out of the war. And he used these immortal words:

"*It is self-evident that Britain and France are fighting, not only a battle for humanity and civilisation, but are faced with foes who are ruthless and murderous. . . .*

"*It is fortunate, therefore, that in following our legal rights, we are able to enact a law which will be more likely to keep us out of the war, and at the same time put us on the side of humanity and civilisation.*"

O gallant Senator Norris! O brave New World!

No doubt here, Mr. Kennedy, as to what the war is about. It is to save "humanity and civilisation"—without costing the United States a life or a nickel.

And to fortify this heroic attitude, to salve the troubled American conscience, no voice must be heard in Britain's defence.

LET me quote, Mr. President, a passage from a letter I have just received from a man who has been lecturing in the United States.

"*I drafted a new circular for lectures in the Spring. My agent approved my suggestions, but said emphatically that half the titles would not do at all.*

"*There must be no mention of England, Britain, British policy and aims. Inadmissible: colleges and clubs would not look at a circular if such words were on it.*"

Take another case. A lecturer was down to lecture at an important University Club in New York. He offered as his subject "Britain Carries On."

The lecture secretary telephoned to say that he would be in danger of losing his job if he were to announce that title.

Meanwhile the ceaseless propaganda against us from India goes on.

Two Indian women, ardent critics of our rule in India, and both ignoring the moderation of Gandhi and Nehru, are getting all the engagements they can take.

In short, all propaganda is free in the United States so long as it is not friendly to Britain.

And yet this does not mean, as Mr. Kennedy would have us believe, that your people "do not know what it is all about."

It means that they know so well what it is about that they seize any excuse to deceive themselves.

THEY KNOW, AS WELL AS WE DO, THAT THE WHOLE FATE OF DEMOCRACY—AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AS MUCH AS OUR OWN—IS IN THE BALANCE.

They know that a predatory beast is abroad in Europe that is bent on the destruction of all the values of civilisation—"life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," in the words of the founder of your great Republic.

Half Europe is already submerged by the pagan tide which is levelling all the sanctities of earth to the ground.

NATIONS are being destroyed, men enslaved, religions mocked and violated, the things of the mind scorned, justice abolished, and the soul of man depraved by a dreadful Satanism.

If this triumphs all the conquests of the human spirit through the ages will be blotted out and life on this planet will descend to the level of the jungle.

THE WORLD WILL NOT BE SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY. IT WILL BE THE SPORT ONLY OF CRIMINAL LUNATICS LIKE THE MONSTERS OF BERLIN AND MOSCOW.

Against this unspeakable fate for all the world, Britain and France are standing alone.

The greatest democracy on earth, the democracy that has been glorified in the past by its Washingtons, Lincolns and Wilsons, stands aside, praying, like Senator Norris, that the Maginot Line and the British Fleet will save "humanity and civilisation," and preparing to adjudicate the peace that it hopes will be won for freedom without its effort.

I think, sir, it will be won, but, as a brilliant writer in your *New York Times* has remarked, you must not rule out a Nazi-Communist victory.

You must not rest "too comfortably on the Maginot Line and the British Fleet."

If they fail, your people will indeed "know what it is all about," and, as the writer in question observes, "will have to do an awful lot more than preach." For the fall of democracy in Europe will be the presage of the fall of your own.

"Going away this year?" The first breath of Spring has made it, next to the war, the topic—and the puzzle—of the hour

Should Holidays be RATIONED?

IF ever Britain needed a holiday, it is now! Two years of the war of "nerves" and six months of the real thing, closeted each night in the sealed boxes enforced by the black-out.

We have endured the hardest winter for years. We have had three epidemics at once. And we have had a temporary scarcity of certain essential foods, through muddle, not real shortage.

Look at the faces around you, look at your own face, and ask whether summer holidays this year are not going to be as essential to the national effort as aeroplanes, tanks and shells.

Are we going to get them?

Will God's own tonic be rationed?

Examine the results of exhaustive JOHN BULL enquiries and judge for yourself.

FOREIGN TRAVEL AGENCIES: As France is the only country holiday-makers will be allowed to visit, a million people who usually travel abroad will have to be content with Britain for their holidays.

STEAMSHIP COMPANIES: There will be no cruises. Hundreds of thousands of persons who prefer to spend their holidays at sea will have to sit on the sands and look at the sea.

HOLIDAY CAMPS: With the exception of about two, our camps have been taken over by the Government.

OUR SCOTTISH CORRESPONDENT: The half of Scotland most favoured by holidaymakers is pretty well closed to casual visitors.

THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE: All very well to talk about holidays on farms, but what with evacuated children and the workers who are taking part in the intensified war time farming effort many of the country districts that once welcomed holiday-makers will now have no accommodation for them.

NOW JOHN BULL is not crying because people cannot have a wide choice of holidays in war time.

We are wondering whether they will have a holiday at all.

These five interviews mean that millions of people who don't usually spend their holidays at British resorts will have to—or stay at home.

And what does the seaside say?

SEASIDE RESORTS: How can we accommodate millions more people with reduced accommodation? It will be impossible unless holidays are staggered more than last year. There will have to be a three-months spread-over at least.

It is no good intending to go to the seaside (even if the necessary accommodation is available) unless there is available transport.

They like to be beside the seaside, and so do we when they are there . . . but will we get the chance this summer?

So what are the views of the transport undertakings?

INTERNAL AIR LINES: Coming at a time when our business was fast expanding, the war is such a setback that scores of thousands of people who would have gone by air will have to go by train.

COASTAL SHIPPING COMPANIES: We shall be unable to accept passengers.

MOTOR COACH CONCERNS: Normally we handle something like 4,000,000 people in August Bank Holiday week, but this year such a figure is impossible.

A MOTORING ORGANISATION: Unless the petrol ration is increased, most motorists will have to go on holiday by train.

These interviews can be summarised in a few words.

Millions of holiday-makers who usually go by air, sea, river, or road will have to depend on railways.

Railway companies want to know where the rolling stock is coming from.

"We had to run 4,000 extra main-line trains in the first week of August," said an official. "We couldn't hope to repeat it with so much of our rolling stock on war work, and as for catering for millions more——."

These views mean that unless something is done quickly the holidays of millions of sun-starved people are endangered.

The solution is staggering holidays on a scale hitherto unknown.

Yet here is Easter.

The hedgerows are budding. Primroses are out. Kew has a blaze of flowers.

Yet nothing has been done to ensure the health and war time efficiency of the community.

The Council of Industry weeks ago urged widespread staggering.

There have since been discussions involving the Ministries of Labour, Agriculture, Transport, Health and Education, but nothing has been done.

In fact, after all this talk, the Labour Minister told the House last week that the Government intended to do nothing!

"Staggering is not a thing that can be accomplished in a few weeks, or even a few months," said a Government spokesman.

HE doesn't know how they do it in Lancashire.

The Government can't have heard of the Wakes Weeks. Officials think they are semi-cannibalistic rites of primitive peoples.

Arranging the Wakes is no haphazard business.

It may be traditional, yet it is a clever method of spreading holidays over two months so as to avoid handicapping the cotton industry.

Representatives of the country's textile and engineering employees meet representatives of the trade unions in the Manchester Chamber of Trade offices every February.

There are certain Wakes Weeks that are immovable.

Oldham insists on beginning hers on the last Friday in August. These are noted first.

Then allowances have to be made for towns that have three days' "mechanics' breaks."

Some places insist on their Feast Days.

On these foundations the Wakes Calendar is evolved, to be issued early in March.

The aim throughout is to produce a maximum of holiday happiness with a minimum of dislocation of industry.

IF Whitehall had devoted a little study to the Wakes system the country would be surer of its summer holidays than it is at present.

We might already be assured of a holiday for everybody with a minimum of inconvenience to the munition industry and other essential war services.

France is giving four days' holiday, with full pay, to every soldier's wife who does any job additional to her housework.

A spreadover system has been evolved for munition factories.

Yet British banks have reduced holiday spans, and many insurance companies are following suit.

The excuse is that staffs have been depleted.

Yet there are many able men among the unemployed.

And holidays are more important this year than ever before.

That is why JOHN BULL is glad troops are being given leave on a scale that would have seemed impossible in the last war. The more leave they have, military circumstances permitting, the better.

Whatever happens in the next twelve months, we shall go through with it in the good old British way, with courage in our hearts and a grumble on our lips.

But soak us in summer sunshine, and we can promise more courage, and fewer grumbles.

NAZI WAR ROADS

NAPOLEON said an army travels on its stomach, but there must be wheels under that stomach and roads under those wheels.

In fact, the transportation of a large army is a headache to many a General Staff.

You can read the amazing story of how the Nazis made their great military roads in No. 1 of the brilliant weekly, "Modern World," just out, price twopence.

Easter's Glorious Message

HOPE Eternal, Love abiding, Light through Darkness, Faith through pain, these are things which Easter brings us, things too glorious to explain. They are Heaven-sent, they are Glory, they are things which ever teach, that though Life must have its Winter, Spring is never out of reach.

JOY and Laughter, New To-morrows, Dreams that do come true at last, all these things are Songs of Easter if we to our Faith hold fast. War's dark shadows will be lifted and a Finer World will Rise. All these things are plainly written by God's Love on Easter Skies.

SO whatever may confront us let us fill our souls with joy, that the earthly Cross of Suffering cannot man's great soul Destroy. For those nails so cruelly driven into Hands Stretched out to Heal, did put pain above earth's Suffering the Triumph of The Great Ideal.

J. M.

Why the Nazis will Collapse

The entrance to Hitler's lavish Chancellery. He spent £40,000,000 on it, and expenditure on the "offices" of other Nazi Chiefs has been equally prodigal

This cold-blooded summary of what the Nazi regime has done to the German peoples is obviously the book to end books on Hitler's way with democracy

"MERE assertion that Hitler is leading the German people to their destruction carries no weight without proof. . . ." And the author of these words, Heinrich Hauser, neither Jew nor Left-ist, claims to have that proof.

It is with these words that he introduces his book, "Hitler *Versus* Germany,"* in which he summons all his knowledge of the German peoples and his own unequalled experience as an economist to show that Hitler is Germany's worst enemy.

From these pages, despite the quite understatement of the author's approach to his subject, there emerges a picture of the fundamental rottenness and fragility of the Nazi structure.

Other people have ranted against the empty mouthings of the Nazi leaders, designed as much for home consumption as abroad. But it has been left to Heinrich Hauser to give the facts, cold and merciless, that show how worthless is Germany's façade of armed might on land and sea.

It does not suggest that the German peoples will rebel, that they cannot continue the war—although the author says they cannot go on fighting for three years—but it shows that there is fruitful soil for the subversive activities of the anti-Nazis.

"I risk the prophecy that the war will not last three years," says Hauser. "Definitely it will not last eight years, as Hitler suggests.

"The moral and economic collapse of the German nation, already exhausted and undermined by six years of so-called peace, will doubtless come about in a much shorter time."

He points to the fantastic extravagances of the Nazi bureaucracy.

The spendthrift follies of the Nazi leaders have been among their greatest weaknesses.

HITLER'S new Chancellery in Berlin cost £10,000,000. In one corner of this gigantic, barbarically decorated structure is the old Chancellery from which Bismarck welded the Teutonic States into one great empire. It seems a doll's house by comparison.

Goering's Air Ministry, christened the General's "Cubby-Hole" by cynical Berliners, has three thousand rooms, cost nearly as many hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry has caused a mushroom rash of huge blocks of offices in all parts of Berlin. Some are new buildings, built regardless of expense; others have been commandeered, their occupants turned into the streets.

Yet the German people once imprisoned King Ludwig of Bavaria because they thought he was too insane to be safe. He had spent nearly a million pounds on three castles.

Hitler can be seen not as a far-ranging genius, creating a new and greater Germany, but as a somnambulist wandering in a nightmare of his creation. Hitler calls the nightmare Nazism, and he is leading all Germany into an abyss.

*Look at Hauser's "Hitler *Versus* Germany" (Jarrolds; 12s. 6d.).

You can see Hitler the dictator dictated to and swept along helplessly in the disastrous momentum of the machine he has invented.

Since Hitler's seizure of power so many new Departments of State have been created, so many jobs found for Nazi Party members, that there are now six times as many bureaucrats in Germany as before. Yet even before the last war Germany was considered a nation of bureaucrats.

In every phase of the national life can be seen the effects of the irresponsibility and the ruthless, clumsy meddling of the Nazi régime with Germany's delicate economic machinery.

Unemployment was ended by conscripting labour for public works schemes (necessary and unnecessary), for such huge fortification projects as the Siegfried Line. To get immediate results, schemes were put in hand regardless of expense.

Under Hermann Goering's Four-year Plan the State took over all industry.

Goering is the boss. He can devote two hours a day to it, apart from his other duties as Air Minister, President of the Reich Council, Hunts Master and so on.

His first act was to convert the worker into a serf.

The German cannot change his job without permission. He dare not ask for more wages. He must work the hours prescribed by the State.

His employer can only sell where he is told, his raw materials come to him by grace of the State, and the Nazi Party milk his company of its profits.

Although more hours are worked, there is a huge drop in production. Many industries work to only half capacity, and there is wholesale corruption in the supply of materials.

Germany began this war with an internal debt of at least £7,000,000,000. That debt was only £400,000,000 in 1914, when Germany had hundreds of millions sterling in gold and foreign exchange reserves.

To-day the figure is almost zero.

Hitler revealed last September that Germany has spent £7,000,000,000 on armaments since 1933; more than twice the national income during this period. So that country starts a major war with the people's savings banks soaked bone-dry and industry bled white of all its reserves of cash and material.

The moral bankruptcy of the nation is an even more certain guide to Germany's inevitable doom.

SEVEN years of Nazi power have created huge rifts and vast conflicts between classes of the community; between the Army and the people; between employers and workers; between various branches of industry; between the Nazi Party members and the people.

These great rifts in the nation's spirit will grow wider under the pressure of war, says Heinrich Hauser.

"The infinite hatreds and embitterments which the Hitler régime has sown could grow into a revolution which in bloodiness would surpass anything the world has ever experienced, even in Russia," he adds.

That is the possibility both hoped for and feared by the rest of the world.

Here are the Answers

The Pope's "Five Points"

WHAT were the "Five Points" which the Pope insisted on during the Ribbentrop interview as an essential condition for Vatican support of Nazi peace overtures?

THESE "Five Points," laid down in the Holy Father's address at Christmas as the only basis for a just, honourable and lasting peace, were:—

The right of life and independence of all nations great and small, strong and weak.

Nations must be freed from the burden of armaments races. There must be disarmament accepted by all.

Institutions to guarantee the loyal observance of treaties and international agreements must be reconstituted in the light of past experience (a reference presumably to a reborn League of Nations).

The needs and just demands of nations and peoples, including the minorities, must be considered by means of revision of existing treaties.

Rulers of peoples, and the peoples themselves, must become imbued with the spirit of moral justice, which alone breathes life into the dead letter of international instruments. And they must give proof of it.

WHY are trained pilots, still of war flying age, finding it difficult to enlist in the R.A.F.?

ALTHOUGH not consoling to these trained aviators who must drift into the Army, it is pleasant to know that the R.A.F. now has a huge surplus of fully skilled officers in both flying and ground branches, and in December there was a ,000 waiting list in one branch.

Even if there were sustained heavy casualties, the R.A.F. could go on for many months without taking on another man. By that time huge trained replacements would be ready from the Dominions under schemes now in full operation.

WHAT are the terms under which refugees, "enemy aliens" and otherwise, are entering the British Army?

THEY join special units kept together as far as possible under their own nationality. They are promised work in their respective trades, and they are given the same pay and allowances as equivalent British ranks.

For their services they will be offered British citizenship after the war.

In their form of application there is an implicit guarantee that they will never be asked to enter the firing line, but will work in the rear areas, the bases and lines of communication.

WHAT is the International Red Cross and how does it work?

IT is an organisation operating in Geneva and devoting itself almost solely to helping prisoners of war in all countries. Most of the committee are neutrals, but it has British, French and German members, more British than Germans. Workers are mainly volunteers.

Work is to get details of prisoners in all countries names, ranks, regiments or ships, and camps to which they have been sent: to deal with inquiries about men "missing, believed prisoner of war"; to arrange despatch of parcels to prisoners in all countries.

Nazis threw the fate of most Polish refugees on the shoulders of the Red Cross organisation. It managed to get thousands of sundered families together again.

GRIN and BEAR IT! - By Oliver Plush

Get This One

THIS black-out gets more and more confusing.

Smith and Brown were having an argument at the corner of the street the other night when suddenly it dawned on them that they were mistaken.

They were Jones and Robinson. And when the special constable, hearing the noise, came along and flashed his torch on them, there was only one of them after all.

"Hello, Wilks," said the special, "and what are you supposed to be doing?"

"I'm only talking to myself," said Wilks.

Happy Memories Dept.

Yes, my dear, we're going to Piccadilly Circus to-night to look at the electric signs.

Westminster Way

I AM all for a little more cheerful chit-chat in the House of Commons. Think how pleasant it would be to read the Parliamentary reports if they went something like this:—

MR. YAMMER (Cons.): Can the Minister tell me how many pairs of natty blue trousers are worn by the A.F.S. girls in this country?

SIR JOHN PANDERSON: What's it got to do with you, Nosey Parker?

MR. YAMMER: Don't be so darned snooty, my lad.

SPEAKER: Cut it out, youse guys! Who's next?

MR. BURBLE (Soc.): I am, chum.

MR. YAMMER: Wait your turn, old cock. Now look here, John. . . .

SPEAKER: Pipe down, low life. You're always shooting your trap.

MR. BURBLE: Put a sock in it, Yammer, and give me a break.

A MEMBER: Any of you blokes got a fag on you?

PRIME MINISTER: Chuck him a good cooking cigar, Winnie.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL: Sez who?

MR. YAMMER: How about me? If I don't get an answer, I'll start something.

SPEAKER: If you don't shut your trap, Yammer, I'll get the Serjeant-at-Arms to bust you one on the snoot.

PRIME MINISTER: Oi! Don't you know it's gone ten, Mr. Speaker?

SPEAKER: Strewth, so it has! The House stands adjourned.

Tickles Me, Too

THAT man Jenks has no sense of humour.

Seeing a picture of me in a bathing suit, he asked me whether I intended to publish it in my page.

TWO OTHER PEOPLE...

"Certainly not," said I. "Why should I?"

"Improve it," said Jenks.

"How?" said I.

"Comic strip," said Jenks.

Hush, Me Hearties

WHEN a mine took about a quarter of a mile off Piffling pier at Piffling-on-Sea the other day the local newspaper brought out a "special."

"It is learned on good authority," it stated, "that a mine exploded somewhere on the East Coast early this morning."

Stop Me If . . .

YOU *have* heard about the patriotic heavy smoker in Dundee who is borrowing matches to conserve petrol?

I thought you would have.

Nothing new anywhere, is there?

Startling Short Story

HOME FROM HOME!

By T. WITT.

(Exclusive to this page.)

SLOWLY the door began to open. The man behind the desk looked up. The door opened wider.

Panting, a convict came in and closed the door behind him. Suddenly his eyes focused on the buttons on the uniform of the man behind the desk.

"Say, chum," said the convict, "what is this place?"

"This, pal," said the man behind the desk, "is a police station."

"Damn the black-out!" said the convict. "I've run twenty-five miles for nothing."

(Rights of translation into foreign languages, including Yorkshire, strictly reserved.)

OLD BILL

by Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yes, honeysuckle, that's what it is. Of course I don't expect it to do anything this year, but by the blitzkrieg after next, it will be all over the dug out"

Letter from a Skylark

Dear Plush,

Now that Spring is at hand I shall be expected to be up and doing once more. But let me tell you this is going to be one heck of a year for this blithe spirit, who, if the poet was correct, never wert a bird.

Having taken up my quarters in my usual meadow, I now find that the amenities of the district are marred by the presence of what appears to be a large aviary. Anyway, the noisiest collection of giant winged creatures is apt to go roaring skywards just when I'm giving the world the benefit of my justly famed top notes, and believe you me, it puts me off my stroke completely.

Not only is my song, a smash-hit with all the more reputable poets since the year Dot, all mussed up by the row these new arrivals create, but the sky is a positive death-trap to skylarks because of all this air-hogging.

There are now a lot of large, boated creatures floating about in the sky and tethered by steel cables into which a fellow is apt to come a purler if he is not unusually nippy on his wings.

How the heck you can expect me to produce liquid notes as per schedule with all this schmozzle going on beats me.

This year you must not expect more than a few irritable chirps from

Yours disgusted,

A. SKYLARK.

Male Fashion Note

I see that an enterprising firm of men's outfitters in New York has just put on the market ties made from chameleon skins. These ties are not only as smart as paint, but also will last for ever, it is said.

Before I treat myself to one, I want to know whether they will change colour according to the sort of soup I spill.

Take It From Me

The world's greatest bores,
I note with sorrow,
Are here to-day
And—here to-morrow.

OLD FAITHFUL!
Pittsburgh Press

"—and tell Joe we're freezing too. Now, hurry with that coal!"
Chicago Times

"John Bull" Man in a BOMBER

This is the story of a whirlwind visit to a Bomber Command station in the North of England to watch machines leave on their longest ten-hour, 1,500 mile reconnaissance flight over Poland.

"IT'S wizard," says the fair-haired young airman in the colourful slang of the R.A.F. as we sat in the multi-gun power-driven turret in the heavy British bomber, about to take off on what was to be the longest reconnaissance flight—the first ten-hour, 1,500-mile flip to Poland.

My impressions of a whirlwind tour of this Bomber Command Station in the North of England are centred on that gun-turret.

I had the breathless sensation of being boxed in a mass of intricate, mystifying machinery, trying to think to the tune of the twin 1,000-horse-power engines that were turning the big bomber's air-screws.

The cooped-up feeling (there is just enough room to give elbows free play and accommodate not-too-long legs) is agreeably relieved by the unsplinterable glass-like covering at the front, top and sides, giving a wide and clear range of vision.

There are two guns lined up at each hand ready to be fed with gleaming belts of golden, silver-nosed bullets; plain, armour-piercing, incendiary. By touching two triggers you release from these four guns a devastating fire-power at the rate of 600 rounds a minute.

Crawl back with me through small steel doors from this vital defensive rear turret into the aluminium-coloured interior of the fuselage.

HALF a million leaflets printed in Polish, in bundles about 6 in. square, are stacked ready to be dropped through a chute in the floor. Red and green parachute flares, or Verey lights, will also be fired "to let Jerry know we're really there."

The leaflets are held together by a half-inch rubber band, which will be ripped off by air pressure as soon as the leaflets leave the chute.

They may take two hours to flutter to the ground and they may have to be released as far as eighty miles from their destination.

Near the fuselage door is hung the rubber dinghy, with the emergency rations, rolled into a pack little bigger than a rucksack, but large enough, once it strikes the water and automatically inflates, to serve as a raft for the crew of five.

Oxygen bottles are boxed alongside the crew's positions. To use them in the rarefied air at more than 10,000 ft., each member of the crew will plug a rubber breathing-tube into a connecting point, much the same as you plug in your radio at home.

In the multi-gun power-driven turret of the heavy bomber, the young gunner prepares for the record 'recco' flight to Posen in Poland

Complete with 9-lb. parachute-harness and 13-lb. parachute, the navigator and bomb-aimer, who also acts as second pilot, and the radio telephonist, who interchanges with the rear gunner, are now taking their seats in the roomy cabin. The pilot and one-gun front gunner are moving still further forward to their more confined open-view seats in the nose.

As daylight is fading, the Whitley, Britain's heaviest bomber in service, takes off, followed by more.

Every member of the young crews, average age 22, is thrilled at being chosen to make this record distance "recco" trip to Posen in Poland.

You've read their eventful story.

They flew 1,500 miles and landed within a minute of schedule time for a breather in France before resuming the "all returned safely" journey home to "Somewhere in England."

Just another "wizard" job well and truly done, in the routine life of this Bomber Command station.

These bomber crews and their companions, including "Aussies" and Canadians, have been doing such jobs as this since the day after war broke out. They were the first to "recco" North-West Germany.

They were the pioneers of the famous Security Patrol taking them each night through fair weather and foul over the hazardous Heligoland Bight and the fortified islands of Borkum, Norderney and Sylt in search of Hitler's mine-laying seaplanes.

They've let go many an "egg" from their colossal bomb-load over the tell-tale light of a seaplane, and the sureness of their aim can be judged by the diminished activities of the aerial mine-layers.

ON land trips (they've also "done" Prague, Vienna and the Ruhr) they drop no bombs and do no "shooting up," not even to give a "back-answer" to the "fireworks" as they call anti-aircraft fire that sends up the "flaming onions," red, green and orange incendiary shells fastened together and aimed at setting aircraft on fire.

I asked an experienced pilot officer what part of the job he liked least.

"Crossing and recrossing the 300 miles of sea between this country and Germany—uncomfortable thought that there's only water down below," he answered. "And sitting in the mess when somebody doesn't come back home, although happily that's happened only once or twice so far."

He made light of his own worst experience, when the machine he was piloting, caught in an electric storm, was rocked by a near shell-burst that blinded his observer for some minutes.

"I climbed from 1,500 to 19,500 ft., but at that height half an inch of ice made my controls useless and the machine fell through clouds to 2,500 ft., when I managed to pull out.

"The navigator, opening the fuselage door, found the tip of one wing stripped of fabric, part of the other in a similar condition with one flap hanging down.

"We prepared the dinghy for launching, yet made the 300 miles sea journey to the English coast. Then home, over the aerodrome, the damaged machine tended to stall when only 100 feet up. We landed miraculously, holding our breath."

The landing was made in the pitch-dark early hours of the morning during the Great Freeze. You can imagine that snowbound landing-ground. At that time it was a marvel that those bombers went up at all, but far more nights than you'd 'magine the Security Patrols and the over-Germany flights went on according to schedule.

In the armoury I was watching aircraftmen "sewing" armour-piercing and tracer bullets into belts as deftly as mother machines a shirt, when a pilot officer rushed away.

"Excuse me," he said. "I must see that flight take off so that I can rag them if they do it badly. You see, they belong to a rival squadron. We're hot on rivalry here."

What better last impression of this Bomber Command station.

Imaginary Interview on the Black-Out Bus.

Mystified Mister Motorist

WHAT, another three-penny-bit! That makes four to-day. What'll happen to the silver collections in Aberdeen doesn't bear thinking of! . . . Why — bless me soul, though!—if it isn't "Mister Motorist"!

What's that you say? **"Not so much of the Mister Motorist. The car's still in the garage, and that's just the trouble"?** How d'you mean: You don't know whether to take it out or not? That's a good one! You'll be telling me next that the twenty-five bob horse-power tax has got you down. . . .

OH! It ain't that and it ain't even the petrol ration. . . .

Of course, I remember now; you was always spending more time cleaning your little 'bus and tinkering with the engine than driving her. Used to take her out for little runs week-ends mostly, didn't you? . . . Well, then, wot makes you 'esitate now?

"It doesn't seem quite right, somehow, to run a car at all when there's a war on."

Why ever not, Mister? Wot d'you think the petrol ration's *for*, after all? Either there is enough juice to go round, or else there *isn't*, see? If there is enough, then you're entitled to your whack. And if there isn't, the Government must have gone barmy to let private motorists have any at all. . . . That's how I look at it, anyway, and I'm still running my old motor-bike and side-car.

DO I use it for any national purpose? . . . No, I don't.

I just go "joy-riding" with the Missus once every now and again on a fine day off. And why shouldn't I; tell me that? . . .

Petrol is a costly import— You're telling me!

And the Government has asked us all to cut down foreign imports. . . . And, besides, you don't like the idea of enjoying yourself on oil what British seamen have brought across the ocean at the risk of their lives. . . .

It does make you think a bit, don't it, but there's two sides to most questions, and there certainly is to this one. . . . For instance, Sir John Simon has to do a bit of "digging for victory"—*gold* digging, if you see what I mean—and last year or so there was close on a hundred million a year what could be dug out of the Road Fund Tax. . . .

Besides that, don't he get ninepence a gallon on the juice itself? . . . If you and all the other motorists lay up your cars, you'll certainly cut down imports, but by golly, you won't half cut down revenue, too!

As for the sailors running the oil tankers into port and out again, it's their job, after all. You can't use tankers for nothing but oil, you know, and I never knew a seafaring man yet what would thank old Hitler for putting him out of a job, risk or no risk. .

YES yes. . . I know we've all got to economise, too, but I'll bet you're doing that already. We're all paying higher prices and higher taxes and most of us—what have any margin at all—have been buying a few Defence Bonds and Savings Certificates.

Take out your licence, ole man, and, until the Government tells us straight what it wants us to do, one way *or* the other, nobody 'as any right to say that taking a licence means taking a liberty.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Crook's £10,000 'Dig for Victory' Lure

Edward Donallon, versatile financier, is cashing in on the Board of Agriculture's war time food-growing campaign.

HARDLY a week has passed in the last six months without my hearing of yet another old-time crook turning the war to good account. And topical "rackets" are now spreading to the City, confounding those who said that war would put an end to financial schemes of dubious character and to sharepushing.

This week I have been investigating a "dig for victory" racket that is impudently utilising the Board of Agriculture's campaign to have as much land as possible under the plough during the next few weeks.

The British Agricultural Trust, apparently well established and highly patriotic, is distributing circulars reminding the nation that Cabinet Ministers have been urging the growth of more foodstuff.

"We want you to help us," says the document, "as a patriotic man desiring the victory of England in this historical war, to finance our project of cultivating lands at present idle and uncultivated."

The scheme is that this Trust should buy idle plots of land on the outskirts of towns, to be devoted to producing vegetables.

"Contribute on as generous a scale as you can," continues the appeal, "and you will know that you have done your 'little bit' to help England to victory."

Potential investors are reminded that patriotism is not all.

In "doing their bit towards achieving victory," investors can derive some financial benefit for themselves. Obviously, it is urged, such a grandiose scheme for growing food will pay big profits.

The initial capital of the British Agricultural scheme is to be £10,000, but humble investors, eager to be patriots, can have £1 units.

This seemed a noble idea until I discovered that as the Trust is not yet registered, it has no official existence.

Edward Donallon, responsible for the Trust's appeals, has been a persistent dealer in dubious shares, who has been in jail several times for his connection with fraudulent companies since he first came to the notice of the police in 1907.

Three times bankrupt, the total sum involved comes to more than £10,000, and the public lost £50,000 in one of his share-dealing ramps.

So don't let your patriotism run away with you sufficiently to give Mister Donallon a chance to run away with your money.

You can buy victory in a much more satisfactory way.

3 BAD MEN

ALLOW me to introduce as pretty a trio as you could wish to meet in a day's march. I won't object if you say you don't like the look of them. I'm of the same opinion. . . .

JOHN LESTER is one of the many assumed names of a tall, fair, quietly spoken, well dressed man in his early thirties. Explains that he is either from the Air Ministry or the War Office, inspects the rooms of your house to see whether they are proof against air attack. While you go into the next room to tap on the wall, he fills his pockets with portable valuables.

WANTED—BUT IDENTITY NOT YET DISCOVERED, fresh complexioned, short, businesslike, dupes car owners by neat trick; says he has invented a substitute for petrol, proudly gives "demonstration" in which he pours water into his petrol tank, drops in a capsule, sets engine in motion and watches it keep going. Sells "substitute" in packets at high prices. Contents prove to be worthless when he has gone because his car has a false tank!

JOHN DENVER, a septuagenarian crook, now in Leicestershire, has been swindling the innocent for years by pretending he is a solicitor representing Gordon and Spencer, a London firm that does not exist, in a search for the heirs to a large fortune. He's interesting—to talk to!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

THIS week's guinea goes to Mr. P. S. Evans, of Miswell Lane, Tring, Herts, who gave detailed information about a cruel racket I am now investigating.

Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor."

What a Racket!

MAYBE, it's the bad man that you can't keep down.

Always a relentless pursuer of the bogus charity collector, I am now forced to give him credit for the way he is struggling to keep going in spite of the House-to-House (Charities) Collection Act, which came into force on the first day of the month.

In a few days the bluffers found ways of dodging the provisions of the new regulations.

Though house-to-house collections are now prohibited unless a special permit has been granted, my correspondents have already told me of the numerous dodges introduced.

Many bogus charity agents are restricting their collections to hotel lounges, public houses, clubs and the like, believing that the doubtful meaning of "door-to-door" does not include such public places.

Boxes are being left in lounges and bars, by permission of hotel proprietors, by people appealing for money to be devoted to the welfare of soldiers, evacuated children, prisoners of war. But the bulk of the funds, I fear, will go only to the pockets of the bogus charity promoters.

The workings of these bogus charities were revealed in the Birkenhead police court recently when "Nurse Wesley," "The Woman in Black," a collector for the notorious Mrs. R. Thain, was convicted for obtaining money by false pretences.

The nurse collapsed when it was revealed that she had twice previously been convicted for larceny.

The police explained that half the proceeds of the money, food and goods collected in Manchester and Liverpool for the "Aid In Need Fund for Aged and Unfortunate Widows" went to Mrs. Thain, while Nurse Wesley and other collectors received travelling expenses and a third of all they collected.

JOHN BULL pressed for the enforcement of the House-to-House (Charities) Collection Act for years. I already feel justified in urging the authorities to keep a close watch on charity rogues, who are trying to find loopholes in this new Act.

"Black Eagle" Stalls

DON'T run away with the idea that I am prejudiced against religious humbugs. They are a real menace, in my judgment, especially as their sanctimonious chatter seems to hypnotise persons of an impressionable turn of mind.

London is full of people who make a good living out of selling redemption, and an astonishing amount of money is being collected towards a "Sussex Heaven" for Father Divine, notorious Harlem padre who has "heavens" dotted all over the United States.

When my New York correspondent sent me news of the coloured preacher's latest "row" with an "angel," who had been persuaded to part with hundreds of pounds for yet another "Harlem" heaven, I was reminded of my skirmish in London with "Colonel Hubert Julian," the coloured adventurer over here in 1937 as advance agent for the proposed "Heaven" in Sussex.

Julian earned a world-wide reputation as "Black Eagle," the ace-flyer friend of the former Emperor of Abyssinia, who made him a colonel in his air force; pilot of Father Divine's private aeroplane and hero of a number of doubtful adventures.

Julian was furious when he saw the JOHN BULL in which I told the truth about his mission. My chief commissioner met him in a famous hotel, where he had engaged a suite for ten minutes to impress me. He denied everything and demanded damages. I told him to go ahead with his libel suit. Instead he went back to New York.

Now friend Julian has been appearing in defence of Father Divine, saying he could produce £15,000 in two days!

And that only goes to show how careful you should be of men who want you to invest in their "heavens."

How Kind

"IMAGINE my surprise when I found that this firm, offering funds of 5 per cent. on all properties, was operated from a big desk, thrust into the living-room of a private house," says a bewildered reader.

But I wasn't in the least surprised when my representative reported that the registered proprietor of the firm, F. Rais and Co., of Dowsett Avenue, Southend-on-Sea, was Frances Mary Elizabeth Rais, against whom several county court judgments were registered, while the business was managed by her husband, Israel Deane Rais, who had been through the Bankruptcy Court at least once.

These two claim that funds are available for mortgages up to £1,000. Interest payable to the firm would be 5 per cent.

But there is the old snag—a preliminary "inspection fee" of three guineas for one house and from four and a half to six guineas for two. There would be a commission of 1 per cent. on completion.

Why will people go to such firms, with their preliminary "inspection fee" demands, when there are so many reputable concerns willing to undertake the same work without any advance payments?

The Gipsy Told Them

YEARS ago I derived constant entertainment from an advertising pamphlet that explained how an Indian Army doctor, giving aid to a bullet-ridden Sepoy, was rewarded when his grateful patient confided to him an ancient Hindu secret—a recipe for removing superfluous hair from the chins of bearded women.

I am reminded of this Eastern drama by a circular, distributed by Messrs. Lengden and Son, of High Street, Cheltenham, advertising "As-Go-Ma," a "cure" revealed in similar dramatic circumstances.

It came from an old gipsy, who was sitting, cold and miserable, on the steps of her caravan on a cold and foggy evening during a Mop Fair. Touched by the misery on the gipsy's face, the proprietress of a near-by shop brought her a cup of hot coffee.

"You looked cold," she said, "and I thought this would warm you."

After expressing her gratitude, the gipsy sipped the steaming liquid, then commented on the other woman's haggard features.

"It is asthma," said the woman, "I have had it for years. I've tried everything. I've had months in hospital. I'm afraid it's hopeless."

And then the gipsy revealed her secret.

As a sign of her gratitude for the other's kindness she told her of a cure that had been used successfully for centuries. And now the woman who gave the old gipsy a cup of steaming coffee is cured after years of suffering.

Anyway, that's the story told in the circular with which Messrs. Lengden and Son hope to popularise their "As-Go-Ma" cure, and as it was sent to me by a reader in Croydon, Surrey, the Cheltenham firm seems to be getting around a bit.

This remedy, passed from the grateful old gipsy to her benefactress, all for a cup of coffee, is now being sold at 5s. and 8s. 6d. a bottle. So the firm should be doing pretty well.

SMUTS *has the* Right Idea!

Portrait of an incredible man; an enemy, who became a friend; a brilliant student who became a super-soldier. By

HANNEN SWAFFER

> Tall, upright, distinguished-looking, he has light clear eyes, a quiet manner and a reserve that has earned for him a reputation for being stand-offish

THE life-story of Jan Smuts was an object-lesson that could have saved the world—had anybody taken notice of it! One of Britain's greatest enemies was transformed, by generosity and far-seeing statesmanship, into one of our greatest friends.

Jan Smuts is really an incredible man.

Some consider him the greatest statesman in all the British Commonwealth.

Although he has been responsible for some democratic legislation at the Cape, he has been associated with the ruthless suppression of strikes fought for fair trade union principles.

Although he has worked hard to save primitive tribes from extinction, his name is linked with the rigid enforcement of the colour bar.

The explanation is that, far away from Europe, he can take a broad view of world affairs.

In regard to his own policies at home, he is much more narrow.

Meant to be a preacher by his father, he decided himself to become a lawyer.

Our war on his people made him a brilliant soldier.

When this war broke out, the Dominions had complete freedom of decision for the first time. Australia, New Zealand and Canada rushed to our aid.

Hertzog the Prime Minister of South Africa, an unrelenting Dutchman with whom Smuts had been serving for years in the hope of maintaining unity, wanted to keep South Africa clear of the war.

Indeed, his far-off aim was independence.

Then Smuts struck.

He challenged Hertzog—and won. He went to the country—and won again.

More pro-British than some Britishers, he declared that only by whole-hearted co-operation with Great Britain could South Africa work out her own destiny.

As for the former German colonies, he was adamant.

After all, as general-in-command, he had beaten the Germans on African soil.

If ever Great Britain considered handing back one inch of land to Germany, Smuts would stand firm.

Whole-heartedly, I agree with him.

Why should one person in the world, black or white, yellow or brown, be handed over to Nazi swine?

He is satisfied that South Africa took over South West Africa at the desire of the German Government, which actually recommended Germans in that country to become naturalised as British.

Even to look at, Jan Smuts is the antithesis of what the ordinary Englishman thinks a Boer to be.

Tall, upright, distinguished-looking, he has light clear eyes, a quiet manner and, more than that, a reserve that has earned for him a reputation for callousness and being stand-offish.

He is a scientist. He is a lawyer. He is a great student of literature.

He has delivered at Oxford a Romanes Lecture that was a model for all those who came after him.

He can talk on botany or anthropology.

Yet, in his own home life, he is merely a well-to-do farmer who sleeps on the veranda and goes the rounds on his horse, just as did the Boers in his youthful days.

Mrs. Smuts and he did not agree about the settlement after the Boer War. She was bitter.

"You will be punished for your bitterness one day," her husband said to her. "Your punishment may be that your children may marry Englishmen."

The time came when their daughter did marry an Englishman—and came to live happily in England.

Time after time, Smuts has urged the value of making friends with your former enemies.

"Britain's act of unparalleled generosity in restoring self-government to the Transvaal and Orange Free State after the Boer War has made me her friend," he said. "As her friend, I shall die."

"Once, I fought against the British Empire," he declared on another occasion. "There is no change in me. The cause I once fought for is the cause for which I am fighting to-day."

He means the right to live your own life, under whatever measure of freedom you have earned.

Anyway, the Boers have now greater freedom than they had under Kruger.

I remember seeing the arrival of the Boer generals at the naval review following the declaration of peace in 1902. They landed at Southampton to discuss the final terms. On the way they had to pass the massed might of the British Navy.

For the first time, they must have realised how, in spite of their high courage and grim endurance, they had never stood a chance.

There followed the bitterly fought Khaki Election. Liberalism urged generous terms for the Boers. The Tories, harsh and unrelenting, opposed them.

Returned to power on the wave of a victory that had taken three years to accomplish, the Tories started allowing the importation of underpaid Chinese for employment in the Transvaal mines!

This resulted in a sensational Liberal triumph in 1906, in which Balfour was among the defeated Ministers.

Then Campbell-Bannerman, the new Prime Minister, proposed self-government for South Africa and the granting to the Boers of the unrestricted franchise as fully-pledged British citizens.

Milner, Cromer and Curzon, our three Proconsuls of Empire, shouted "This is the end of Empire."

Campbell-Bannerman won.

The Empire was not lost, but saved—and Smuts, our former enemy, did much to save it.

In the last war, Jan Smuts twice defeated the Germans in Africa, and then actually became a member of the Imperial War Cabinet.

Then, remembering the result of our generous treatment of himself and his fellow-Boers, he pleaded at Versailles for similar leniency for the Germans.

He had seen the effect of broad-minded modernism on himself. While actually conducting the war he had evolved, more than any other man except Woodrow Wilson, the idea leading to the establishment of the League of Nations.

His own idea for the Treaty of Versailles was that it should be amended as you went along.

He believed in "continuous revision."

He argued that no final form of a Peace Treaty could be decided while there was a feeling of revenge, or even a smarting sensation.

While war was on there had been no one more bitter about German methods, just as, during the Boer War, when he was fighting the British, no one was more relentless than he.

But, "when a war is over, it is over." He had learned that from us.

Unfortunately, we had forgotten the lesson. The more generous minded of British statesmen at Versailles were outvoted by the French, and the seeds of another war were sown.

So long ago as the days that immediately followed Wolfe's victory on the Heights of Abraham, Canada was settled on generous terms opposed by the Tories. A broad-minded statesman named Grey was sent out to forget and forgive. The Tories screamed in vain.

That is why Canada is part of the Commonwealth.

The lesson should have been learned long ago.

It must be remembered this time—when Peace comes.

Otherwise there will be another war.

You can swat cruel systems. But you must not impose on peoples terms that cause enmity.

For out of that another war is born.

The Human Machine

AFTER the great earthquake that devastated a large part of Japan years ago, a boy stopped a merchant in the street asking him to buy a picture postcard.

"I'm raising a million dollars for the relief fund, sir," he said.

The merchant laughed.

"A million dollars! Do you expect to raise all that by yourself?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the lad solemnly, "there's another little boy helping me."

That story is a good illustration of what we call "taking the long view," of being willing to tackle something that will not necessarily give immediate results, of being able to combine optimism and courage to bring an idea to reality.

By minimising the value of looking forward, we make a mistake. The alternative is looking back, and that is a most depressing occupation.

Among novelist Mary Webb's characters was a born optimist, an optimist who was able to minimise the discomforts of the present because he could look forward to the pleasures and recompenses of the future.

He never talked of "Winter."

He always said, "Summer's sleeping."

When he surveyed his ravaged vegetables, he never mentioned caterpillars.

"There's a lot of butterflies-as-is-to-be in our cabbage," he would say.

The Japanese boy and this man stumbled on the truth that it is better to look out than in, better to look for compensations than to gloom over annoyances and irritations.

There are always two ways of looking at everything. Happiness, contentment and enjoyment of life are the prizes for choosing rightly.

SOUND SECURITY

More important than ever today is the significance of the name Player to cigarette smokers. It is a guarantee that quality and purity remain unchanged.

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PLAYER'S TOBACCOS AND CIGARETTES AT DUTY FREE PRICES FOR MEMBERS OF THE B.E.F. ASK YOUR TOBACCONIST FOR DETAILS

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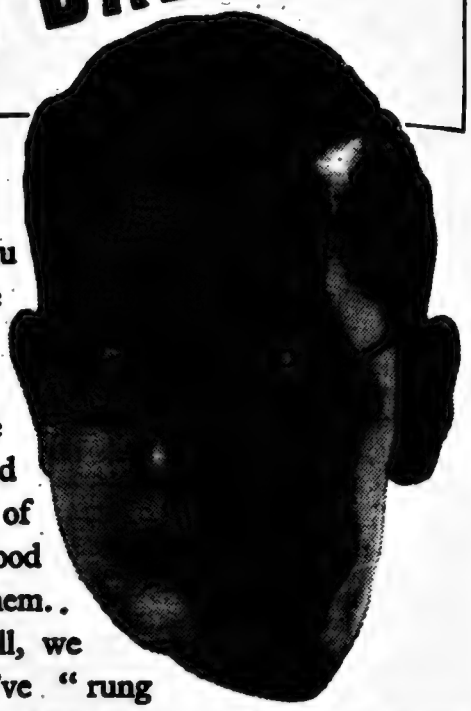
TWO NEW "WAR BABIES"



I MIGHT be telling you all about wartime difficulties and how hard it is to get this and that. I don't need to. "Wartime difficulties" are a grand excuse, but it is the job of good engineers and good designers to get over them. Have we done so? Well, we always know when we've "rung the bell" by the way our dealers send in their first orders. As they rightly say—"We have to *sell* the blessed sets!" Our orders for these two have been well in excess of our expectations and that's the clearest answer we can get. I say again what I've said before. Wartime difficulties or not, there'll be no shoddy work turned out of this factory. E. J. POWER, *Man. Dir.*

90 STANDARD TABLE SUPERHET.—This all-wave mains superhet will get as extensive a range of stations as you could possibly want—and get them with unfailing regularity night after night. In particular, reception on the short waveband is of an unusually high standard. Extremely simple tuning arrangements and keen sensitivity make the set easy to operate. The three wavebands, long, medium and short, are controlled by means of press buttons, and on short-waves, a "logging scale" enables a given station to be re-tuned accurately. Recent improvements in loudspeaker design have made possible extraordinarily fine quality of reproduction. Other features include: continuously variable tone control and a loudspeaker switch for use with an extra loudspeaker. The cabinet is highly polished with an all-silk front, except for the black bakelite escutcheon carrying the scales and controls.

Cash Prices:
A.C. MAINS MODEL **£11**
D.C./A.C. MAINS MODEL . . £11.10

ECONOMY BATTERY SUPERHET

A "value for money" set if ever there was one, and built not only to sell at a very moderate initial price, but also with the purpose of minimising running costs—an important consideration in a battery set these days. The superhet circuit gives a wide and satisfying choice of stations on the medium and long wavebands, with a high quality of reproduction. The tuning controls and station name scale are simple and clear and practically "foolproof." Special "low drain" valves are fitted, allowing longer use of the accumulator between charges, while the automatic grid bias ensures maximum life from the H.T. battery. Extra loudspeaker sockets are fitted, with a switch for an external loudspeaker. The cabinet is in dark polished oak with a silk front and the controls carried on a rebano wood panel.

Cash Price (without batteries) **£7.15s**

MURPHY
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HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE ON ALL MURPHY SETS

All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for one year. Prices do not apply in Eire

C.R.C. 531

FISHING FOR DEATH - 4

● *As they rose to the surface after being cut adrift by the steel cable, the mines were exploded by the sweeper's sharp-shooters. . . .*

The Man who Caught a Mine!

The King spoke only the bare truth when he said to Skipper Campbell, master of a coasting steamer, during a recent visit to a northern East Coast port, that "this is the danger zone of our island."

He was referring not so much to the eighty-odd aerial attacks on trawlers, merchantmen, drifters and lightships in that vicinity, but to the mines, impact and magnetic, which destroy without giving a ship's crew even the chance of a fair fight.

LET me tell you how Alec, from Peterhead, went for a swim in the paralysing cold of the North Sea in early spring, and brought back a mine for breakfast!

He was a member of the crew of a minesweeper in which I was studying the technique of "cutting the grass," as the "sweepers" call their dangerous job.

We had been told that Nazis had been laying mines off this part of the East Coast.

I cannot tell you how they were laid. But I did know that they were magnetic mines and impact mines, held down by a sinker.

So away we went with the gear all out to port, and the cable, taut as a fiddle-string as it stretched across to the otter, had cut two or three mines adrift from their moorings to be exploded by rifle fire when the unexpected happened.

The cable became entangled. Nobody dared suggest what we might have "caught."

EVERY trick was tried in our efforts to free the cable. Fat little Jim, from Grimsby, stood in the stern and cursed. He was jerking, pulling, slackening, "jumping" and twisting the cable without success.

If he made a false move the sweeper and her crew would go up in flames. At best the gear would be lost.

For half an hour he jerked and spun that cable, while every man donned his life-jacket and prepared for a cold plunge. Nobody spoke. Every man was at his station.

The cook came aft with hot cups of boiling tea, which were drunk at a gulp.

Then Jim started to winch again and gave a tug that sent the sea up in a gigantic torrent. The deck was washed clear of everything that could be moved, and the sweeper went over on her port side as though she was lying down to die.

When the wave subsided, men scrambled to their posts again. And Jim gave another tug.

Another mine went up, and again the ship shuddered in every plate and rivet and lay down to die.

A third time the same thing happened, but still there was something that held the ship.

But Jim was on the strain again, his little, ruddy face set and hard, his lips compressed, his hand raised in sign to the men beside him.

The cable strained and stiffened, coming up from the depths dripping with brine. It was then that Alec, trawler by trade, seaman by heredity, cool as the ice in which he packed his fish, took off his jacket and laid it on the winch.

"I'll go over and see what's keeping it," he said.

Off came his jersey and his heavy sea-boots in a twinkling, and he was over the rail.

A strange silence fell on the ship. The men never talk at moments of high drama. They just stand and watch, ready for anything, a jump over, or a dodge aside. Two of them had lifebelts in their hands ready to throw.

Jim was bending over the stern rail, his hand waving, signalling to the winchmen.

The skipper was standing stiff and firm beside him. There were signals coming from the leading sweeper, but nobody was taking notice of them.

From deep down in the swelling sea there came a head, and then the shoulders. Alec shook his hair free of the spray that was blinding him, trod water, and then raised one hand to his mouth.

"Slacken a bit, Jimmy! There's a mine sinking the float!"

Jim slackened with a sign. Not an answer went out to Alec in words. He rode water for a moment and then dived. His heels came up, showing his white socks, and they, too, sank. A minute passed.

The skipper stepped forward, and it looked as if he wanted to go over, too. There was a swirl and an eddy and up came Alec once more.

He seemed a tiny thing rising and falling on the swell, now on the top of the smooth wave, now sinking into the hollow so that he was hidden.

"I've got it, Jimmy. Slacken a bit more."

Jim breathed a little easier then, and his hand went wig-wagging towards the winch behind him. I noticed then for the first time that he had stripped his sea-boots off against the rail.

Down went Alec again.

The sea rolled over the spot after he had been engulfed. He might have been a pebble thrown into that massive wall of water.

Somebody plucked at the skipper's sleeve and reminded him that the leading sweeper was signalling a return to port. Away across the sea several trawlers were coming in, bluff iron-walled boats with high bows and black sides.

A dull, sullen roar suddenly filled the air. We looked across towards the trawlers. One of them was surrounded by smoke.

"They were telling me about them magnetic mines," said the skipper, but his eyes were on the spot where Alec had disappeared.

Just as he was speaking, up came Alec.

He was swimming with one hand, powerful strokes, and his kick was sending a wake behind him.

"Good God!" exclaimed Jim. "Look at what he's fetched!"

Aye, look at Alec. Bobbing just beyond his right arm, that was hanging over a piece of cable, was a big, black ball, with horns sticking out at various angles.

He was swimming with difficulty, and his face was drawn in pain.

"Heave a rope's end," he gasped.

Jim had the coil in the sea beside Alec before anybody else could think of it.

AND there, treading water, Alec made the mine fast, and the rope slackened out and the terrible thing drifted away astern.

Another rope was flung over and Alec was drawn into the rail.

He stood with the water running from every edge of him, looking a little sheepishly at the skipper.

"It was tangled up, skipper, and I had to undo the tangle below. Then I got it adrift—and now we can sink it."

"It might hev blown ye to bits, Alec, and the boat with it. Whoever thought of catching a mine like that?"

"Aye," said Alec, "but I've gone in after tangled trawls before now, skipper."

His hands were bleeding and his arms were skinned where the cable had caught him under water.

He was blue, purple-blue, with the chill of the sea.

The cook came forward with a mug of hot tea laced with brandy, and Alec tossed it off with a grunt of satisfaction.

THEN he dressed, then and there, after wringing what water he could from his under-garments.

Already two rifles had exploded the mine. The gear was brought aboard. The sweeper headed for port.

As the sweeper was tying up in harbour, a wounded trawler came home.

She was the last of the boats to come in, but there was a ship missing. Far out there beyond the horizon another trawler had disappeared.

Alec was about to go ashore when the report came about that trawler.

He walked right up to the skipper.

"Will ye let me go out to find what's left of that boat, skipper? There was a friend o' mine aboard."

"She touched off a magnetic mine, Alec. To get to her you'd hev to pass through that field."

"I don't want to lose ye, Alec."

"I'll no be lost, skipper. There was a friend o' mine aboard her."

The skipper nodded and Alec was away.

We saw him half an hour later at the tiller of a big bluff fishing boat, racing out of the harbour with all the speed of her Kelvin engine. With him were other men, all clad in oilskins and life-jackets.

JUST on midnight the big fishing boat came back. It brought the survivors of the mined trawler, all of the crew who had been picked up from their damaged lifeboat.

Alec came aboard the sweeper, walked down the ladder to the skipper's cabin and reported for duty.

Alec's face assumed a sheepish look.

"Aye, skipper, but I knew the boat to take out. Not even German magnetic mines can harm a boat that's built of wood. We rode through that field and I brought back my friend."

"Aye," replied the skipper, "so I hear. We'll call it a day, Alec. We're due out again on the morning tide."

Alec nodded and went to his bunk.

On the morning tide the sweeper went out once more to "cut the grass," every man at his post, all gear overhauled and ready for the day's work in the "danger zone of our country."

Go out on to the grey wastes of the North Sea to watch the work of the heroes who "cut the grass" as their part of the national effort.

By

STUART MARTIN

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT!

WILL THE BALKANS

Just back from this Tom Tiddler's ground of the war, Harry Gregson, a "John Bull" envoy, lifts the curtain on the momentous drama that is shaping there

Harry Gregson

WHAT will happen in the Balkans?

To find the answer, I have just made my way through all South-Eastern Europe.

I have spoken with Premiers, Foreign Ministers and leading politicians.

I have questioned humble folk and quarrelled fiercely with Nazis.

AND I HAVE LEARNED THAT ALL THE BALKAN COUNTRIES, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF BULGARIA, ARE OVERWHELMINGLY PRO-ALLY.

BUT NONE OF THEM IS LIKELY TO TAKE UP ARMS ON THE ALLIED SIDE.

They all fear war.

The fate of Poland has been a grim lesson to them.

When that land of 33,000,000 people could be overrun by the "Blitzkrieg" machine in three weeks, what chance does Yugoslavia stand with her 14,000,000 people, Bulgaria with her 6,000,000, and Rumania and Turkey with their 19,000,000 each?

Temptation

So argues the man in clogs who picks snow out of the Belgrade tram rails for two shillings a day; the doorkeeper at the Parliament building in Sofia, whose wages are £3 a month, and the Bucharest taxi-driver, who earns up to £1 a week.

And this idea of a mighty, ruthless Germany is spread by Nazi propaganda throughout the Balkans.

In Bucharest the cinemas get free films showing the Siegfried Line. Nazi military and naval manœuvres, actual or faked incidents of the war, are glorified in the reels given to cinema proprietors who are too poor to refuse such tempting gifts.

If a newspaper editor can't afford to pay someone to write an article, the Nazi Press Association in Bucharest will write it for him.

A vivacious blonde, Edith von Ohler, who is a relative of Gestapo Chief Himmler, has a suite of rooms in Bucharest's swankiest hotel. Fraulein Edith will supply at short notice an article on any aspect of Germany's strength and war economy, written in perfect Rumanian and free of charge.

To make sure that editors are not backward in accepting her services, she plants herself regularly in their offices with an engaging perseverance that seldom fails.

This Nazi propaganda and espionage in the Balkans have to be seen to be believed.

In Yugoslavia, on the international expresses, you'd think yourself in Germany.

There are Germans with shaven heads and suitcases, Germans with brown paper parcels, Germans playing cards, Germans stuffing themselves full with food in the restaurant cars.

In Belgrade, German chambermaids clean your hotel room and go through your papers at the same time.

Elderly German women loiter in the lounges to lead you into idle talk—and extract information from you. Nazi dancing girls fill the cabarets.

In Sofia, Nazi girl journalists make friends with Bulgarian journalists.

In the hotels, more German is spoken than Bulgarian.

Spy Mania

Mainspring in this vast machine is the work of Nazi diplomats like the tall, imposing Herr von Heeren, in Belgrade, whose wife spends most of her time raking the libraries for books proving the affinity of Yugoslav and German culture; Baron von Righthofen, in Sofia, whose wife gives sumptuous entertainments; and Dr. Wilhelm Fabricius, brother-in-law of Von Ribbentrop, who directs from Bucharest the most active Nazi organisation in the Balkans.

A pity Dr. Clodius, the Nazi economic expert, should spoil the show by strolling with his staff round the Bucharest delicatessen shops, and with glistening eyes order large quantities of foodstuffs for despatch to the homeland!

The number of food parcels despatched by Nazi envoys to their homefolk are a standing joke in Bucharest—and they rob Edith von Ohler's articles on Nazi might of a lot of propaganda value.

Typical of the all-prevalent spy mania is the trick I spoiled in Belgrade. Returning unexpectedly to my hotel, I found the German-speaking chambermaid carefully smoothing out and reading the contents of my waste-paper basket as she sat at my desk with a broom by her side.

But the Allies are equally busy in more important ways.

Night-Lights

Some of Britain's best diplomats are in the Balkans.

To mention only one, the aristocratic Sir Reginald Hoare says little, seems easy-going, but gets what he wants to an extent that is the constant amazement of Bucharest.

Visit the British legations and auxiliary offices at any time, late at night, on Saturday afternoons or Sundays, and you will find lights burning and people at work.

Wander through the streets, talk or listen

The Black Sea Key is held by Turkey

to strangers, and you will find an astonishing sympathy for those diplomats' aims.

THE BALKAN PEOPLES RESPECT THE GERMANS BECAUSE THEY FEAR THEM. THEY RESPECT THE BRITISH BECAUSE THEY LIKE US.

There are pleasant smiles and salutes from frontier officials when they hand back a British passport to the owner. The hotel porters draw the Britisher aside and warn him to be careful with his correspondence "with all these Nazi spies about."

Pro-Ally

The police inspector on Belgrade station, thinking I was German, ordered me roughly back to have my luggage searched When he discovered I was English, he smacked me on the back, laughed a "Little brother" greeting, and led me through a crowd of waiting Nazis to a taxi.

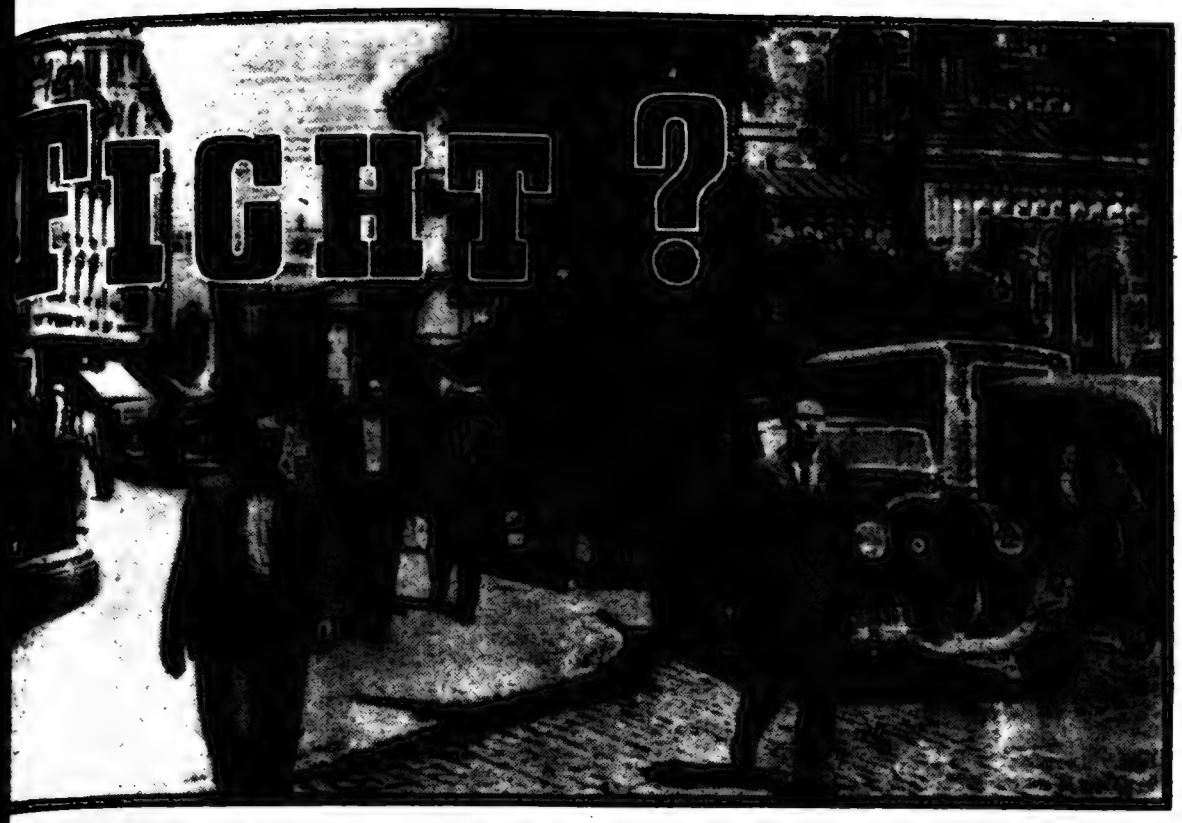
The Rumanians are the same.

Eighty per cent. pro-Ally, they put themselves out to entertain the British visitor.

If Balkan diplomats have to be more reticent in conversation, you can appreciate their caution with German troops not many miles from their frontiers.

What a chance for British goods, if we could only supply them! "British is best," throughout the Balkans.

They buy the German stuff because it is cheap and they can't get British, but many a soiled London-made suitcase is treasured and exhibited by Balkan owners, suits of real English cloth are the ambition of every Govern-



In Bucharest Nazi agents abound. They include vivacious, fair-haired Edith von Ohler, relative of Gestapo Chief Himmler

ment official, and if they could just lay their hands on some British Blenheim bombers or Hurricane fighters. . . .

MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT, THERE IS WAR IN THE BALKANS—A BITTER ECONOMIC WAR.

The Allies are pledged to respect the neutrality of small States.

We cannot menace Balkan countries to make them withhold supplies from Germany.

But we can exert pressure by our control of certain essential materials such as rubber and cotton, without which the Balkan countries cannot carry on with their rearmament.

Threatening

When Dr. Clodius presses King Carol for more oil, King Carol gives way with the knowledge that German troops are not very far away.

When Germany wants Yugoslav pyrites or bauxite, Prince Paul has to bear in mind that Yugoslavia has a common frontier with Germany.

They don't like supplying Germany, especially in war time, when they might get better prices for their oil, minerals and agricultural products in the world markets. But there are two main difficulties.

First, the German might come in and take what they cannot get by negotiation. Secondly, Britain and France at present find it hard to supply the Balkans with products needed for their own rearmament.

This second difficulty may be overcome in the near future. We are likely to see a procession of Balkan trade experts to London, trying to get the British goods they admire so much.

Solution of the first difficulty—the Nazi menace—depends largely on Turkey, and Turkey's attitude is influenced, not only by the Allies, but by Italy's policy.

A diplomat, whose request for secrecy must be respected, insisted to me that the best British argument in the Balkans would be control of the Black Sea.

Back Doors

If the Turks would let Allied warships through the Dardanelles, it would not be to threaten Balkan countries into withholding supplies from Germany.

But it would enable Balkan diplomats to tell the Germans: "We know you've got your troops near our frontiers, but there are other countries with a fleet at our back door.

"If we grant your demands we are courting disaster."

"So we dare not do it."

Control of the Black Sea would also be an excellent move to keep Russia quiet.

She fears more than anything else the loss of security for her Black Sea bases, Odessa and Sevastopol, and the oil port of Batum.

On the Black Sea coast, too, is the port of Varna, where Italian tankers hired by Germany are being pumped full with Russian oil from Batum and Nazi ships are loaded with Russian manganese.

That brings us to Bulgaria, backdoor to the Dardanelles and hotbed of Soviet propaganda. The frugal hard-working Bulgarians are in many respects the most admirable of Balkan races.

They have borne with dignity the losses of territory resulting from the Great War, but the Bulgarians are Slavs, and admire tremendously their great brother-nation, Russia.

***Izvestia*, the Moscow newspaper, was a best-seller in Sofia until the invasion of Finland.**

Sofia's largest square is dedicated to a Russian Czar who liberated the Bulgarians from Turkish rule; its finest building is the Russian Cathedral.

"Too Late"

IN FACT, THE BULGARIANS SO ADMIRE THE RUSSIANS THAT MOST OF THEM WILL TELL YOU THAT BULGARIA WOULD NOT RESIST A RUSSIAN INVASION.

SUCH RUSSIAN PENETRATION COULD BE DANGEROUS FOR THE DARDANELLES, AND THERE IS EVERY REASON TO FORESTALL IT BY CONTROL OF THE BLACK SEA BEFORE THE ATTEMPT IS MADE.

Besides, the Rumanians want to know how we are going to implement our guarantee if Rumania is attacked.

Our troops in the Near East are a long way from Rumania, and even if our warships were allowed through the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, there might be a lot of trouble with mines, mine-laying seaplanes, Russia's newly built 40 submarines, battleships and various cruisers, before troop transports could reach Rumania.

Then it might be too late.

But the now undisguised greed of Stalin may plunge the conflict into the Balkans, however much its peoples strive to ward it off.

Apprehension about the designs of both Russia and Germany has increased since the tragic collapse of Finland.

In turn, this ill-assorted pair wonder whether the Allies may not forestall them and strike their first blows from the East.

So the Black Sea becomes the key to future developments, and that key is in the hands of Turkey, staunch friend of the Allies.

ARGUE IT OUT! by PALLAS

Good Will—Not Gossip!

TITTLE-TATTLE has taken on a new and sinister meaning.

Posters warn us that walls have ears; a famous artist drives home the lesson in humorous line; and we are told that innocent talk may give away to the enemy vital secrets.

Yet gossip remains.

War and the threat of war will never still the tongues of the gossips whose poor, dull, unimaginative minds cannot bear the strain of intelligent conversation.

The busybodies, the know-alls, the nosy-parkers who, like the poor and the downtrodden, are always with us, carry on poisoning the breath of life around them.

You can't get away from gossip—not even in war time.

Every office is riddled with it, every pub is a breeding ground of it, and at every function, great or small, it spreads its dirty, whispering tentacles.

The unbridled tongue is dangerous.

The careless talker is a fool, maybe even a menace.

◆ ◆ ◆

BUT behind it there is no intentional evil, no desire to do harm, no wish to cause misery.

Most of us at heart dislike gossip as we dislike anything that is idle and wasteful. Yet few of us are free from its taint. That is one of the puzzling things about life.

In a crisis your neighbours are ready to help to the utmost. They give their sympathy, their time, material aid if need be. But when things are set fair and life is running more or less smoothly, the gossiping tongues are active again.

Much of the gossip that causes harm is based on envy.

◆ ◆ ◆

YOU know the sort of thing.

"I wonder how she does it, and her husband only a shop assistant," or "No wonder she can't pay the milkman if she gads about all day."

Now more than ever to-day the gossip should be outlawed.

Not because we as a nation are fighting for all we hold dear, but because there is greater need for kindness of heart and charity of soul.

We live in a world of false realities, of unknown fears, of pressing problems. Around us in nearly every home the war is taking its toll of anguish.

Mothers worry about their sons, the men in the ships, the aircraft and the outposts.

Wives worry about their husbands.

Parents worry about their children.

◆ ◆ ◆

MONEY troubles are everywhere. Homes are threatened by the economic upheaval of the country. Life is more difficult, more exacting.

It may be true that when personal troubles and problems are crowding over us it is not so easy to take a kindly interest in others, to pass on a little good will.

But there is every chance now to regard your friends, your neighbours, even your enemies, with a clear eye.

It is not enough to do good to others. It is equally fitting that you say well of them and think well of them.

There would be no gossips in the world if the conscience of the individual were dominating his life.

And the lives of those carrying the weary burden of sorrow and suffering thrust on them by the war would be a little less dark if malicious tongues around them were silent.

4 BEWILDERED MOTHERS...

HUMANIST devotes his page this week to tackling child-life problems, advising these women how best to meet their difficulties

THE first essential in handling children is a sense of justice, and this is possible only when a parent can see things from a child's point of view.

"My small son has a terrible temper which I am trying hard to check," says a mother.

"He wants to do everything, particularly to dress and undress, himself. Sometimes the buttons are too much for him, yet if I try to help he flies into a temper.

"When he takes too long, I grab him, and do it myself. Then he screams with anger and throws things about the room.

"Also, he wants to do *my* work. He wants to wash the doorstep, sweep the floor—just to 'help mammy.' I am quite willing to meet him half way, but he wants to do it all!

"During the last few days I have smacked him hard, but my friends say I shall crush his intelligence and make him lazy.

"He is 2 years 9 months, and is generally healthy. As a rule he is most lovable."

The friend is right in criticising the mother's treatment of this willing child.

Something more serious than laziness is involved. How eager to show his independence and to do things for himself, he will lose all his splendid self-confidence if he is thwarted.

Of course he gets into a paddy when he is prevented from doing things.

All temper is due to frustration. Friction always changes to heat, doesn't it?

A boy of that age should be encouraged to dress and undress as well as to help his mother in the house. It matters little if he is slow. He is learning from experience.

What alarms me most is the feeling of injustice that must be aroused when he is punished. I hope the mother will try to see things from the boy's point of view.

Now for a problem about a boy of nearly six.

"He has been evacuated," explains the mother, "and is in a wonderful billet with people of wealth. He has not only every luxury, but also love showered upon him.

"Words cannot express our thanks to these people, but I am wondering whether all this luxury will not spoil him. I am troubled about how he will react when he has to return to a working-class home where we have a struggle to make ends meet.

"How will he treat his little sister who has had to stay at home? Will he settle down contentedly with us again?

"If only we could see what these changes will do to our children!"

No one can predict what influence this life of luxury will have on a boy of six. Much depends on how long it lasts. My own feeling is that there is no serious cause for anxiety.

The boy would be impressed, and perhaps rather overawed at first, but a child is quick to adapt himself to new conditions. Once the novelty has worn off, he takes things for granted. Familiarity breeds not contempt but indifference.

It might be more serious for a girl of twelve or fourteen, who might think the humble home unbearable after the "marble halls."

SOME weeks ago I quoted a letter about a house-proud mother who would not let her children play games. They made the place untidy. Because I said some fairly strong things about her, another mother has written to confess that formerly she was as bad.

"I nagged at my husband, and as soon as he had finished his tea he went off to his mother's home and took our son with him," she says.

"I let my boy have only one toy at a time, and warned him not to make the house untidy.

"Six months ago a young couple with a little son came to live next door to us, and my boy started going into their house to play.

"One night when I went to collect him home the wife tackled me.

"'Your Jack complains that he dare not have his toys out like my boy,' she said. 'He says you always grumble!'

"Her husband sat smoking, scattering his ash on the carpet. I explained that I did not like a house to be untidy, but it struck me they all looked happy, while we were nearly always sulking.

"So I decided to let my boy cover the hearth-rug with toys. When my husband came home, I could see he was stunned.

"He started to smoke. I never said a word, but the look on his face told me he was happy.

"It goes on like that.

"We go about together a lot. My husband stays at home at nights instead of going off to his mother's, and I feel worlds better.

"My next-door neighbour saved my home and the happiness of the family."

A mother found that to make her family happy she had to sacrifice her great regard for the god of tidiness . . .

IT is as natural for children to romp as for kittens to chase their tails, as natural for them to laugh and shout as for the birds to sing.

I should like also to quote another letter about children because it broaches a subject untouched by any previous writer.

"My greatest problem is what to tell children about the war," says my correspondent.

"It is impossible to keep it from them, and they ask questions all day and every day. I tried to tell them nothing because I thought it too terrible for them, but they hear about it from other children at school.

"My children ask questions about the young evacuees living in the country and wonder why their uncle (now in France) does not come to see them as he did.

"They see soldiers, sandbagged buildings, and other signs of war. More questions!

"I believe other mothers must be faced with the same difficulties as myself."

The war cannot be kept from children. It is useless trying to hide it from them. To my way of thinking, the mother should say nothing about the horrors of war. Certainly she should not give any impression of glory or glamour.

We know the feeling of the pomp and pride of militarism produced by old-fashioned history books.

We know also how utterly false that feeling is now that war, waged by mathematicians and chemists, is stripped of romance and colour.

It is useless trying to make infants understand the economic forces at work. They think in terms of men (heroes and villains) in a conflict between good and evil.

When children are approaching the 'teens, they want to find out precisely why the Allies declared war, and what excuse the enemy has to offer for his behaviour.

Boys and girls in the senior schools are capable of reading newspapers and listening to the radio talks, and they have an inviolable sense of justice.

They have been taught to think for themselves. No dictator State would dare to allow such freedom.

"Humanist" gives this page each week to solving human problems. And he invites you to seek his advice when you are perplexed. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. He pays a guinea for each letter quoted.

Spotlight on Charm

A happy smile is one of life's greatest assets. If it is marred by dull, discoloured teeth try KOLYNOS, the tooth paste which cleans and polishes without harmful abrasive action. Its penetrating foam keeps the mouth wonderfully fresh and healthy.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 1/9, 1/- & 6d.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Most ECONOMICAL Tooth Paste

Not day-after-day—but 'ONE-DAY' is enough to

BANISH CONSTIPATION

Don't become a slave to daily dosing. Take Feen-a-mint and banish constipation the modern *safe* way. Millions of people who took harsh drugs and laxatives *every day* have changed to Feen-a-mint, the occasional, natural laxative. They find it puts them right first time—tunes up the system at once to normal regularity.

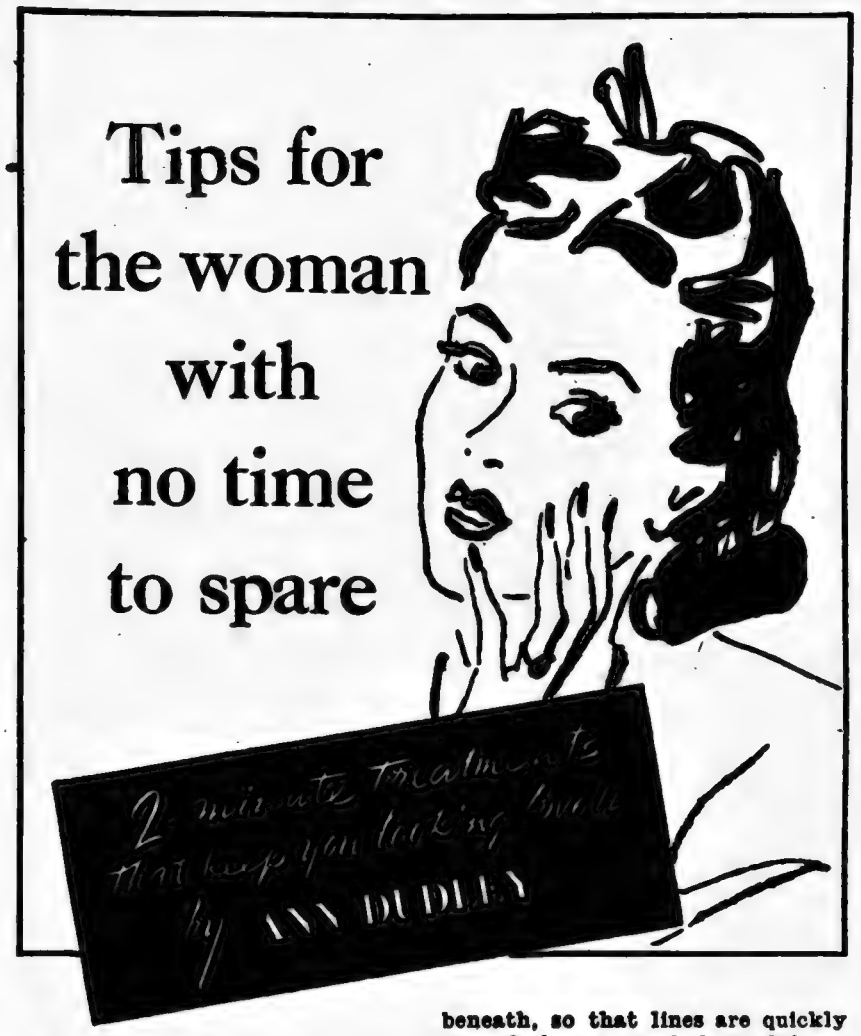
But that's not all: Feen-a-mint is simple and pleasant to take—kiddies love it—and it has no unpleasant after-effects. It's like magic, the way you feel fit so *soon* after taking Feen-a-mint. Headaches and stomach troubles disappear. Your eyes sparkle and you feel full of vitality. Your complexion clears and you feel years younger. It all happens so quickly. Don't delay trying Feen-a-mint. Get a package today! And if you're not satisfied your money will be refunded. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

PALMOLIVE, made only of PURE PALM and OLIVE OILS *keeps you clean and keeps you* Schoolgirl Complexion All Over

Palmolive in your bath does double duty — keeps you clean and keeps you lovely, war or no war! Olive oil is the kindest, surest beautifier you can use, on the word of 20,000 beauty specialists. Now fats aren't so easy to come by, Palmolive (rich in palm and olive oils) is the surest, most economical way to beauty. So stick to Palmolive — it's kindest to your complexion!

3½d. U.K. only

Tips for the woman with no time to spare



THESE busy days few of us have much time to spare for beauty treatments. Yet just a few minutes spent on looking after one's looks are as good as a tonic—and work wonders in keeping charm up to pre-war standard.

So here are some quick ways to keep your complexion "easy to look at" that cost next to nothing.

BRIGHTER AND BETTER!

At this time of year, skin often has a dull look due to the fact that the winter's dirt and dust have got down into the pores and stayed there. Get some Pond's Cold Cream and spring-clean that dirt away! Apply the cream liberally, let it soak in for a moment, then wipe it away with one of the marvellously soft Pond's Tissues. All the dirt will come with it, leaving your skin fresh and clear. Keep up this treatment regularly—for deep cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is the very basis of a good complexion. It makes skin satin-soft and fine, keeps away blackheads.

THE RIGHT LINE TO TAKE WITH LINES

Don't overlook the fact that your skin also needs lubricating or it will dry up and develop ageing little lines especially round eyes and mouth. Pond's Cold Cream is as excellent as a lubricant as it is for cleansing, so make a point of using it regularly. It stimulates the skin and the tissues beneath, so that lines are quickly smoothed away, rough chapped places healed.

DEFENCE MEASURES

Prevention, however, is better than cure—so take steps to keep your skin from chapping. Before you powder, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream, thinly on mild days, more lavishly if it's cold and windy. You'll find it a wonderful protection for your skin as well as a simply splendid powder-base.

TIME FOR A TONIC

Early spring is the time when you most need a tonic. So does your skin! Indoor life makes skin relaxed and flabby. But Pond's Skin Freshener, patted on the skin after cleansing, banishes flabbiness, firms contours, makes big relaxed pores close up.

MAKE-UP MIRACLES

The lovely smoothness Pond's Creams give your skin makes you long for something extra glamorous in the way of powder to add the final, charming accent. Pond's have made it for you! Pond's Powder, which is "non-detectable" on the skin, is marvellously flattering, never gives that unlovely, harsh powdery look. It comes in 6 exquisite shades to suit all types.

WHERE TO BUY THE POND'S PREPARATIONS

Pond's Preparations are sold by chemists, hairdressers and stores everywhere.

POND'S COLD CREAM—Jars 5/-, 2/6, 1/3, 6d. Tubes 2/6, 1/-, 6d. **POND'S VANISHING CREAM**—Jars 2/6, 1/3, 6d. Tubes 1/-, 6d. **POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM**—Jars 2/6, 1/3, 6d. **POND'S SKIN FRESHENER**—3/6, 1/3, 6d. **POND'S TISSUES**—(peach or white) 1/6, 1/-, 6d. **POND'S FACE POWDER**—1/9, 1/-, 6d. In six shades.

IRIUM MAKES HER
A RICH LITTLE POOR GAL

when 6d buys
GLAMOUR

Irium is the newly discovered cleansing miracle in Pepsodent. It cleans and polishes, floats away surface stains and little hidden particles until your teeth are scrupulously clean, white and sparkling and lovely to look at! Change to Pepsodent today—Tooth Paste or Tooth Powder—it's the short cut to a ravishing smile!

Get a 6d PEPSODENT

The IRIUM Tooth Paste & Tooth Powder
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CATARRH Sufferers

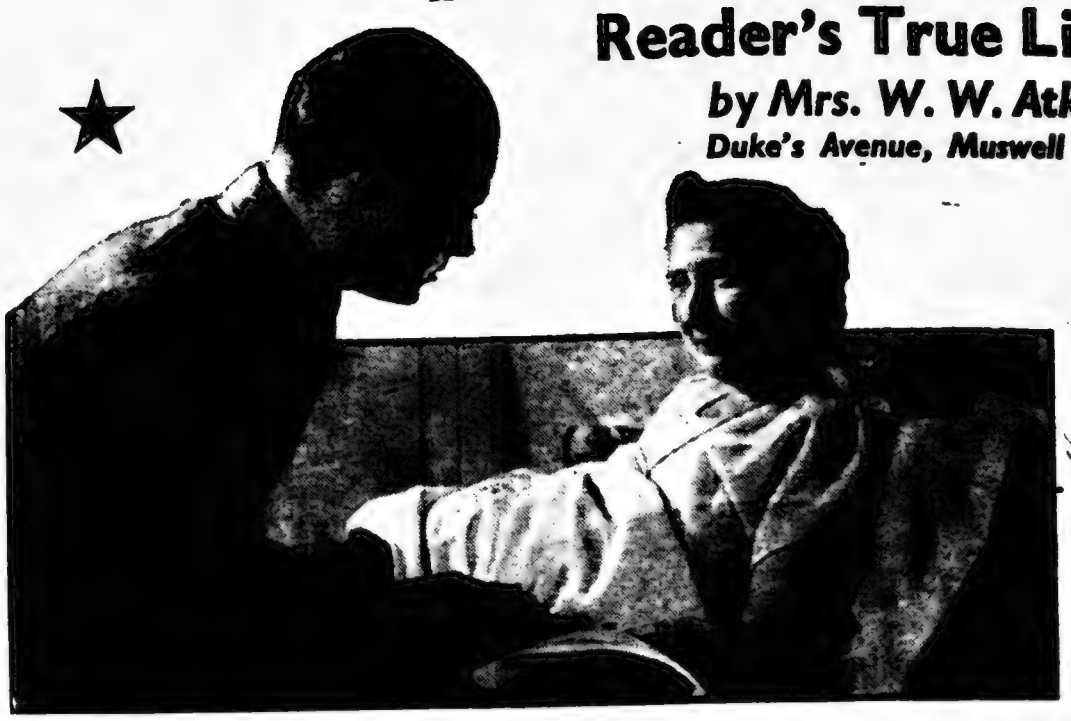
Almost instantly, your breathing becomes easy again, your raw, irritated nose cooled and soothed, your dull, aching head clear as a bell. Simply put a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril. You can *feel* the tingling medication spreading swiftly through the nasal passages, clearing away mucus, relieving irritation, reducing swollen tissues, helping to drain the sinuses. And tests by doctors show that, used in time, it *prevents* many colds.

At chemists, 1/6, or send 2d. in stamps for a trial bottle to "Vick" (Dept. M.), 215, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1.

VICK-VATRONOL
BRAND NASAL MEDICAMENT

Reader's True Life Story

by Mrs. W. W. Atkins, of Duke's Avenue, Muswell Hill, N.



He was allowed to remain with his mother for six weeks and during that time I saw the amazing change that had come over Albert. He had taken his brother's personality

PARABLE of the Western Front

SHE is my own sister, yet I want to tell her rather intimate story, if only to strengthen the faith of all mothers with sons drawn into the holocaust of war.

Twenty-one years ago she became the mother of twin sons.

They were "identical" twins.

Albert and Michael grew to be so like each other that strangers could not name them apart. They were red-haired, blue-eyed, with identical colouring, and there, save for the fact that Albert was an inch taller than his twin, all resemblance ended.

But in character the boys were definitely different.

Even before they began to attend school, the difference was commented on by friends.

No sooner was he able to run and talk than Albert became a source of worry to his parents. He was not vicious so much as thoughtless in inflicting suffering on others.

A wild youngster, forever seeking adventure, he was none too particular in his choice of companions.

The most daring urchins in the neighbourhood were not tough enough for Albert.

At fourteen years of age he had already appeared as a delinquent before a juvenile court, and all the severe thrashings he received from his father had little effect on him.

There was just one gentle spot in Albert's nature, due entirely to the queer "dual identity" shared by the twins.

ALBERT loved brother Michael with that deep and abiding affection that is so often a bond between twins. Never would Albert permit Michael to suffer the penalty of his own misdeeds when mistakes were made by strangers concerning their identity.

This saving grace in Albert's nature also served to make his frequent wild escapades about the neighbourhood a keener source of alarm and sorrow to his family.

By virtue of that strange affinity existing between "identical" twins, Michael knew when his brother Albert was in trouble long before the news reached home.

My sister would know merely by glancing at Michael's troubled expression, at his obvious uneasiness, that somewhere or other Albert was at his tricks again.

From an early age Michael was her pride and comfort. He had all the instinctive refinement of character that Albert lacked, the willingness to shoulder responsibility.

She could always depend on Michael, but felt she dare not go to bed until she had seen Albert enter the house.

There were times when Michael suffered for his wrong-doing.

Outraged neighbours would sometimes catch sight of Michael and seek retribution for the deeds of Albert.

Where Albert failed at school, through sheer carelessness and unconcern, Michael went on steadily from success to success.

Yet teachers assured my sister that Albert was capable of greater things than Michael if only he would take work seriously.

The twins were fifteen years of age when their father died.

MICHAEL at once tried to take responsibility for keeping the home together.

He talked earnestly to Albert and for two years Albert managed to keep out of trouble, holding down a job in the insurance business. But it was only too plain that the work imposed a strain on his tempestuous nature.

One night Albert failed to return home at the usual time.

There was no sleep in the house that night, and no sign or word from Albert on the following day. His craving for adventure could no longer be denied.

It was pathetic to see my sister watching Michael's face for signs of hope.

On the third morning there came a letter from Albert, explaining that he could no longer stand the restrictions of an insurance office.

He wrote simply that he must "take another look at the world."

Months went by, and they heard no more from Albert.

Envelopes addressed in his writing reached my sister through the post, but these contained only money, and no news.

Only Michael was able to assure his mother with confidence that Albert was well.

The affinity between her two sons was her one comfort.

He alone could assure her of Albert's safety.

Nearly three years passed in these circumstances, and then war was declared.

Michael was already in the Royal Air Force, being trained as an observer. Albert still sent money home from time to time, but he never said what he was doing.

Michael had only one observation to make concerning his brother's whereabouts.

"Wherever there's a war," Michael declared, "you'll find Albert!"

This proved correct.

Michael was killed a week after his arrival in France. His machine was put out of action over German territory, but managed to reach a point over British lines before it finally crashed in flames.

The pilot was killed outright, but the observer was thrown clear of the wreckage to live for only a few hours.

And the first soldier to reach Michael's side after the crash was his twin Albert!

What actually passed between Albert and his dying brother will never be known, but it must have been something in the nature of a miracle.

Albert has since told us that his commanding officer heard the whole story, and expressed his sympathy to the extent of making an investigation into all the circumstances.

The result was that Albert's request for leave to go home to his mother was granted, and with an extension depending on his mother's condition.

MY sister was prostrated by the loss of her beloved Michael, and the continued absence of Albert. The unerring instinct that alone could assure her of Albert's well-being was now gone.

Imagine her joy when Albert came to her bedside—to kneel down and ask forgiveness!

He was allowed to remain with her for six weeks, and during that time I had opportunity to see the amazing change in Albert.

Amazing is the only word that describes this complete alteration of character.

Albert is now so different.

He is as Michael was, and not his old daredevil self. We wonder whether, out there in a camp hospital, the gentle spirit of Michael was released to become one with that of his brother Albert.

For the truth is that Albert is himself no longer.

He is Michael!

FIVE GUINEAS FOR YOU

Tell your true-life story to "John Bull," putting the greatest adventure of your life into a thousand words. It may be worth the five guineas paid each week to the reader whose story is published on this page. Send a stamped addressed envelope.

Both carefully washed . . . but

My mummy used New Persil!

NEW Persil is perfect for woollies

Everyone's finding the best way to wash their nice silks and their coloureds and woollens these days. Everyone's using the new Persil. And everyone's delighted with the speed and ease of it. You don't have to mix new Persil now; it lathers up beautifully; and there's no clinging greyness to stick to the clothes when you draw them out. But what makes new Persil so very gentle and safe, what always has been Persil's special secret, is the oxygen in it! Nothing else could do the work so thoroughly and so gently.

If at any time you're faced with a really tricky garment, if some problem of rinsing, ironing or drying crops up, just write your problem to Mrs. Holiday, the Persil washing expert, who will gladly give you her advice, free. Address: Mrs. Holiday, Persil - Washing Bureau, Warrington.

NO MIXING—*easier wash*
Just shake new Persil into tepid or cold water, swish it up with your hand—and there you are. Such a lovely, deep lather—and so little trouble!

EXTRA LATHER—*for fine wash*
A lather so fine that it works its way through every stitch, gently, thoroughly. And with a squeeze or two all the dirt comes sliding out.

PREVENTS SCUM—*quicker rinsing*
No trouble with scum now—not even in hard water. No clinging greyness to stick to the clothes when you draw them out.

PER 769-AG-65

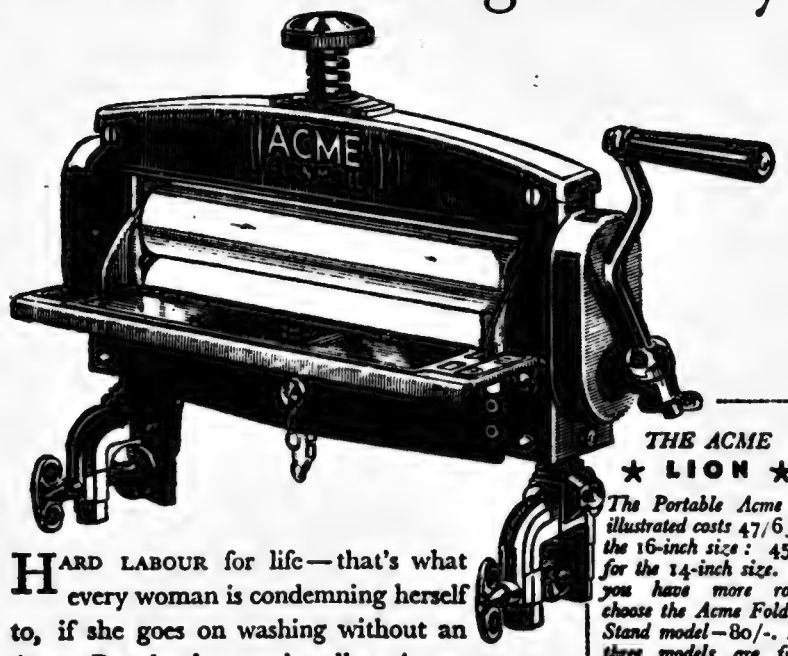
They've all found the same way out . . .

Up at the Mansion:
Short of staff, heavily taxed—must cut down somewhere. Those laundry bills! So the lady of the house sets to briskly. Buys an Acme. Finds washing's far easier than she'd thought. And that Acme gives a dazzling finish to everything, even if you're new to the game.

At the Villa:
Shopping (fetch and carry) cooking (watch these rations) black-out (what a lot of windows we've got)—there's less time, less money, more work these days. Still, the housewife is cool-headed. Buys an Acme and lets *that* do all the heavy tiring work of wringing and mangling. And "lends to defend" with the money she saves on laundry.

In the Council House:
Every Monday regular as clockwork, out comes the weekly wash—as white and as nice as you could wish. Most precious possession in the kitchen is—the Acme. Ask the "missis." She knows there isn't a wringer made to come near the Acme. These days the heavier the work, the more the Acme is appreciated.

Everyone's getting an Acme these days—it does make home washing so easy



HARD LABOUR for life—that's what every woman is condemning herself to, if she goes on washing without an Acme. But the day you install an Acme, you've a *friend* for life instead.

It's wonderful to watch an Acme taking everything in its stride—thick, bulky blankets, flimsy little undies. Beautifully clean, wrung practically dry, out they come in no time. That is the magic of Acme's cantilever system. It gives you, by means of the screw on top of the Acme, *controlled* pressure, just right for any garment you like.

Why not decide at once? Why not go straight to your hardware dealer and buy the finest wringer in the world—the Acme!

THE ACME
★ LION ★

The Portable Acme as illustrated costs 47/6 for the 16-inch size: 45/6 for the 14-inch size. If you have more room choose the Acme Folding Stand model—80/-. All three models are fully described in booklet D1, obtainable from your Hardware Dealer or post free from Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

The Acme Lion gives you these extras: Cantilever pressure, Cushion rubber rollers, Patent reversible drain, Turning handle folds away, Unbreakable pressed steel frame, Rust-proof, chip-proof finish, Die-cast cog-wheels, Rustless "oiled" bearings, Choice of 9 clamp fittings, 10 year guarantee.

get an ACME—
wringer, mangle, cleanser all in one!

On the bench on which nobody ever seemed to sit a man was sitting at last, a man who looked as dejected as a man could look

WILL SCOTT

peeps into a quiet, sylvan corner in a City byway, watches a war time drama that will inspire many victims of the black-out blues

Don't SIT MOPING!

THERE'S a tucked-away corner of the City of London which doesn't seem to mean anything. It is six square yards in extent and it contains six steps, a bench on which nobody ever seemed to sit, a drinking-fountain from which nobody ever seemed to drink, and a tree which never seemed to sprout a leaf summer or winter.

Speaking, of course, of peace time.

The war, though it has not brought drinkers to the fountain, nor yet leaves to the tree, has revived a certain amount of interest in the bench, as Hepplewhite has discovered.

This tucked-away corner has a name, set in coloured tiles high in the wall, but scarcely anybody seems to know the name because scarcely anybody ever seems to go that way.

Hepplewhite didn't go that way once in a year, because it didn't lead to any place where he was likely to have business.

But on a certain morning some time after the war began he found it made a short cut from an office at which he had to call, to his own office in Leadenhall Street

So into the tucked-away little corner Hepplewhite turned.

On the bench on which nobody ever seemed to sit a man was sitting at last, not a shabby man, but a man who looked as dejected as a man could look.

Hepplewhite gave him a casual glance and passed on, but at the top of the steps he pulled up and looked back.

The man on the bench had not moved. He still sat there with his shoulders hunched up, his head down and his hands thrust into his pockets, looking at nothing whatever.

FOR a moment Hepplewhite thought he knew the man, but couldn't place him.

He'd have gone back and said, "Hello, Jones, old man! Anything wrong? Anything I can do?"

But he didn't know that the man's name was Jones. It might have been Brown or Robinson or Waring or Haviland or Perrivale or Smith.

In any case, perhaps he didn't know the man. So Hepplewhite gave it up and walked on.

But presently something seemed to strike him, and he turned aside into Cornhill to have a word with Sellers.

And he kept waiting for ten minutes!

"Sorry, old man," said Sellers, when at last Hepplewhite got through into the inner office. "But I'm working like a slave to pull off the Gale-Tomlinson contract. Still, I've got a breather now. What's on your mind?"

"Do you remember one night about five years ago," said Hepplewhite, sinking into a deep leather chair, "at Marsh's, I think it was—Chelsea. You introduced me to a man."

"No doubt," Sellers agreed.

"But this was a special sort of man."

"Special sort of man?"

"I mean he was new to the game and you had high hopes of him. You were rather raving about him"

Sellers closed one eye and looked at the ceiling.

"Five years is a long time. I must have introduced you to scores of men. What does he look like?"

Hepplewhite described, as well as he could, the man he remembered from five years ago and the man he had just seen on the bench.

"OH!" exclaimed Sellers. "Merrion. Is that the man you mean?"

"Merrion," said Hepplewhite. "That's the name—Merrion."

"Rather strange you should mention him," said Sellers. "I was thinking of him only this morning. What about him?"

"What's he doing? Do you know?"

"I don't," Sellers replied. "And I don't think anybody else does. As a matter of fact, I haven't seen him since the day before war broke out. And was he in a state? You ought to have heard the things he had to say about civilisation and so-called statesmen. I think it was going to his head, a bit. I rang him up the Monday after war was declared but he wasn't there. The next time I tried I was told the office had been given up. I suppose he's in the Army or dead or something. Why do you ask?"

"Then you don't know where he is?" Hepplewhite asked.

"No," said Sellers. "Do you?"

"I believe," Hepplewhite answered quietly, "that he's sitting on a public bench under a tree not far from here, looking as if he'd just seen fourteen ghosts."

"Good Lord!" said Sellers. "Are you sure?"

"No, I'm not. Not absolutely."

"Where was this?"

Hepplewhite explained.

"Look here," said Sellers, with a glance at the clock, "I shan't touch Gale-Tomlinson now again until the afternoon. Will you come out to lunch with me? We'll take this place in on our way and gather Merrion in, if it can be done. I don't like the sound of it at all. It looks as if his brain's going."

"O.K.," said Hepplewhite, and they set off.

When they came to the tucked-away little corner the man was still sitting, solitary, on the bench. Hepplewhite and Sellers stopped at the top of the steps, Sellers looking very disturbed.

"It's Merrion all right," he said after a moment. "Come on."

They went down the steps and pulled up in front of the bench. And now at last the solitary man had to look up.

"Merrion!" said Sellers.

"Hallo, Sellers," Merrion responded lifelessly.

"You remember Hepplewhite."

Merrion gave half a nod as Sellers took a seat by his side.

"What are you doing here?"

"Got to be somewhere, and I know the City better than anywhere else."

"But I heard you'd given up your office."

"So I have. Still, I can sit here. It reminds me."

Sellers glanced at Hepplewhite. This was no place for confidences. He touched Merrion's arm.

"We're just going to lunch at Tubb's. You'll come along?"

Merrion did not answer.

"Yes, you will," Sellers insisted, pulling Merrion to his feet. "Just for the sake of old times."

(Continued on page 26)

Quick, easy, thorough way

TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY

HARPIC
Sprinkle a little Harpic into the pan...
1
Leave for as long as possible — then flush.
2
Harpic reaches that hidden bend...
3
It's done! The bowl is glistening — the pan is clean & sanitary.
4

TODAY, when homes are crowded and unexpected work has to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to every housewife. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

THE YELLOW SIGNAL FOR A.R.P. WORKERS

YOU'RE probably doing a job now that you never dreamt you'd be doing a year or so ago — sleeping at odd hours, hanging about on damp nights, working in stuffy dug-outs. Don't think that Nature is letting you get away with this, because she isn't. You'll probably notice as time goes on that you wake up tired and feel depressed during the day — your tongue will probably be coated, too.

This is Nature's yellow warning. It means that you are suffering, whether you are aware of it or not, from constipation. This is a dangerous complaint. If you want to be ready to face a crisis when it comes, *get rid of that constipation now.*

Take the sure, natural laxative — Kruschen — in warm water or tea, tomorrow morning. Kruschen effects evacuation in a simple, natural way — by attracting moisture to the colon, and getting rid of its toxic matter. At the same time Kruschen flushes the liver and kidneys, thus eliminating poisons in the bloodstream. You won't need increasingly large doses of Kruschen as you do with most laxatives. Drop into the chemist today when you come off duty. Kruschen is sold in 1/9, 1/- and 6d. sizes.

The 30-Second Breakfast gives them more energy

FAMILY FAVOURITE. "Kellogg's are our favourite," says Mrs. Latham of Norbiton, Surrey, pictured below with her family. "My husband likes them because they're light and easy to digest — the girls, because they're so crisp. And I know that Kellogg's make a grand energy-giving breakfast. I'm thankful, too, to be spared messy saucepans to wash-up!"

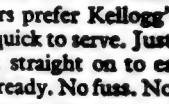
It's crisp, delicious, nourishing — it's packed with energy, and it saves time and trouble because it takes only 30 seconds to serve.

PLATEFULS of energy every morning in millions of British homes — that's how the 30-second breakfast is helping people everywhere to start the day well. And that's why British families don't worry so much about bacon rationing.

What's more, Kellogg's are Britain's *favourite* breakfast! Those big golden flakes are so crisp, so crunchy! They taste so good! If you haven't discovered that yet, try them. You won't be disappointed.

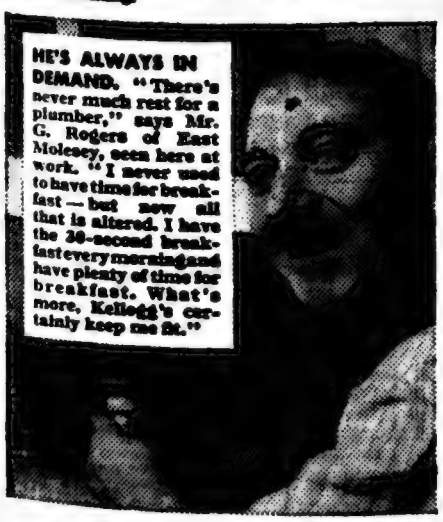
And here's an additional reason why mothers prefer Kellogg's. They're so amazingly quick to serve. Just pour them from the packet straight on to each plate and breakfast is ready. No fuss. No bother. No cooking. And no messy saucepan or greasy plates to wash-up either.

Give your family a treat — serve Kellogg's. You'll be giving them a first-class energy-providing breakfast, saving yourself no end of time and trouble. All grocers sell Kellogg's. 5d. a packet.



SCIENTIFIC PROOF of the great energy-giving power of the 30-second breakfast

An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowl of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. (Bowl of Kellogg's 220-230 calories. 3 average eggs 210 calories.) That is why busy workers everywhere find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.


HE'S ALWAYS IN DEMAND. "There's never much rest for a plumber," says Mr. G. Rogers of East Molesey, seen here at work. "I never used to have time for breakfast — but now all that is altered. I have the 30-second breakfast every morning and have plenty of time for breakfast. What's more, Kellogg's certainly keep me fit."

HARD WORK MADE EASY. "That's what I like about Kellogg's," says Miss Alice Saunders, housekeeper, of Thames Ditton. "They do away with messy saucepans and plates to wash-up. As there are five in the family I look after, you can gather what a difference that makes. At the same time Kellogg's are so wonderfully quick to serve that breakfast is always ready on the dot."

It's true! There's no need now to boil clothes!

Housewives prove new method gives brilliant results. Washing finished 1½ hours earlier! Fuel saved. Clothes wear better.

IN the last few weeks, in thousands of homes, the drudgery of washday has been banished for ever! Women are proving for themselves that *there is no need now to boil clothes!*

You can prove it, too. You can wash your whites snowy simply by soaking them in warm Rinso suds for a few minutes. No boiling! No hard rubbing!

If there are any specially grubby places, smooth in a little dry Rinso first. Then the soak, and they come out spotless! It sounds too good to be true, but you'll see it with your own eyes.

You'll save fuel and get *better* results!

An average wash (50 pieces) can be finished 1½ hours earlier this new no-boiling way. And you're fresh at the end of it because there is none of the slavery of the old-fashioned method. This new way is quick, modern—and more successful.

There is another important point: Clothes washed this new way *wear* better. Actual practical tests prove they last one-third as long again! That means an immense saving on such items as shirts, underclothes, overalls, etc.

So here it is. You can save yourself, save your fuel and save your clothes by changing to Rinso and this no-boiling way of washing. Start next washday!

Remember, all fabrics, all garments are safe in Rinso. It keeps whites snowy, coloureds brilliant, woollens soft and fleecy. Packets are 3½d., 6d., or 1/- (Giant size).

SAY GOOD-BYE TO STEAM AND WASHDAY SMELL!

NEW METHOD: Sort out your ordinarily dirty whites and put them into the copper in cool Rinso suds. Let them soak for about a quarter of an hour while the suds warm up. Take them out and into the same suds put your extra-dirty whites. (Simply damp grubby places and smooth in a little dry Rinso.) Now let this second batch soak for about twenty minutes while the suds continue to warm up. When you take the clothes out, the water will be hot—but not nearly boiling. Yet the clothes will be dazzling. In this way you save at least half the fuel you usually burn. *And the suds can then be used AGAIN for general cleaning.*

Coloureds come up beautifully fresh and bright after a 12-minute soak in hand-hot Rinso suds.

NO BOILING NOW WITH RINSO

R2891-364-55 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

Continuing Will Scott's Short Story

"I've Saved Him"

"It's the new times," murmured Merrion, "that are the trouble."

"I know," said Sellers sympathetically.

They had a sherry each in the bar with the comic name of Little Ease at Tubb's, and then upstairs between the smoky prints of the famous but forgotten to Sellers' favourite corner. He passed the bill of fare to Merrion.

"Still for old times' sake," he said, "whatever you like and as much as you like. But first three foaming tankards."

Over the gleaming pewter he looked shrewdly at Merrion.

"Now then. What's on your mind? Say your piece. And don't mind Hepplewhite—he's harmless."

"Oh, I don't know," said Merrion. "It's the war I suppose."

"Same for all of us."

"That depends on how you look at it."

He put down his tankard.

"I know men who think this war is Jolly Good Fun, with capital letters," he said. "They make me sick. I give it up. I give everything up—civilisation and the whole damn lot. Do you know what I do all day? I look back—back to the times we've all had. One daren't look forward—to to-morrow, to next year."

"I MANAGE to look forward a bit."

"I said it depends on how you look at it," said Merrion. "I can't."

The soup came, and the other courses. Sellers decided to be firm.

"You know, Merrion," he said, "you've got to pull yourself together. You're not an old man. You're at the height of your powers. Aren't you working at all?"

"Why work?" said Merrion.

"There isn't the business there was," Sellers admitted, "but you could do some. Why, you say? I'll give you one reason. Somebody's got to pay the taxes. I'll give you another. It would put money in somebody's pocket and food in somebody's mouth."

Merrion shrugged.

"You don't look at it as I do," he said. "When you work you plan. Not for the moment but for the future—to-morrow, next week, next year. The future. . . And I just daren't look at the future—I daren't."

"So you just sit moping?"

"I think," said Merrion, "my nerves are going. I've taken it very badly, I know. But I can't look forward any more. I can only look back."

"YOUR wife must find you a happy little soul!" remarked Sellers.

"She's glad when I clear out every morning," said Merrion. "I come here because it belongs to the past. I sit about when it's fine. I walk the old streets—Lombard, Leadenhall, Cornhill, Walbrook. It's all there is left."

They had coffee in the smoking-room which seems to have come out of a deanery, and Sellers played his last card.

"You can't look forward to the to-morrows?"

"No."

"I can. Take to-morrow itself. Never mind next week. Just to-morrow. I've got a full day. Five interviews. Plans for a new company. Lunch here with Baxter. Meet the wife up west at six. Dinner. Theatre. I shall make a bit of money—or not. But I shall be busy. As a result of which I shall be able to look back. Because I looked forward. Have done ever since the war started."

"How do you mean?" asked Merrion.

"Let's both look back a bit," said Sellers. "Not in years. Only hours. Yesterday. Because I always look forward I can look back on a yesterday as crowded as to-morrow is going to be. But—what did you do yesterday?"

"I——." Merrion hesitated.

"Moped about, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"So that you've nothing to look back upon?"

Merrion blinked.

"Don't you see what you're doing? You're building up a lot of empty to-morrows. Which will soon become a lot of empty yesterdays. What did you do last Wednesday? On the tenth of February? Or the third of January? Nothing. You moped. You looked back. You helped to build up a past in which there'll be nothing to look back upon."

MERRION sat back as if somebody had hit him on the chin. "By gad, Sellers!" he exclaimed. "I see what you mean."

"We'll now have cigars," said Sellers.

"This is on me," said Merrion. "You've pulled me back from the edge of a precipice. Or—or it's like seeing a sudden light. I—I—I'm going to put my shoulder to the wheel. You've made me ashamed of myself. Let's go back down to the bar and have sherries again. This has got to be celebrated."

When we left him at the corner of the Mansion House his shoulders were back and his head was up.

*

Three days later, Hepplewhite was walking through the tucked-away little corner. A solitary figure sat on the bench. Hepplewhite stopped and gaped. It was Sellers.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Hello," said Sellers. "Me? I'm just cooling off."

"What's the matter?"

Sellers smiled bitterly.

"That fellow Merrion!"

"Let you down, do you mean? Backslided?"

"Back-slided nothing!" said Sellers. "That man's at the height of his powers, as I said he was. He's just pulled off the Gale-Tomlinson contract. Excuse me if I sit in the open air and swear."

SUFFERERS CAN
BANISH CONSTIPATION OVERNIGHT!
—with wonderful BROOKLAX CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE. It is safe and easy to take—just a piece of delicious chocolate. Highly recommended by doctors and nurses for adults and children, it goes right to the root of the trouble—the intestines—where Constipation actually occurs, and gives gentle, thorough relief. So convinced are we that you, too, will find BROOKLAX a wonderful discovery that we invite you (if you have not tried it before) to do so—at our expense. See coupon below.
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CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE
British—Sold only by Chemists
2d., 6d. & 1/3
Free SAMPLE
if you have not already tried BROOKLAX
COUPON
To WESTMINSTER LABORATORIES, LTD., 6-12, Pelham Street, London, S.W.1. J.B. 23-3-40
Name.....
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Write in CAPITALS please—1d. stamp, unsealed envelope
BROOKLAX

★ THREE-MINUTE MYSTERY ★

"I don't know how," said Captain Connolly, "but this man was murdered. And he wasn't murdered here!"

Death on His Lips

CAPTAIN CONNOLLY, of the Military Intelligence, looked on as the Medical Officer completed his examination of the body of the Young B.E.F. private lying on the stone floor of the old storeroom.

"No doubt about the cause of death," said the doctor. "He's swallowed a dose of hydrocyanic acid!"

"Hydrocyanic, eh? That's a quick-acting poison, isn't it?"

"About the quickest," came the reply. "He'd lose all muscular control the moment the poison touched his tongue. He'd collapse in anything from two to five seconds. Lightning, isn't it?"

A wine-glass was found on the stone floor. It looked as though it had dropped from the man's fingers and rolled out of sight.

The doctor sniffed warily at the dregs in the glass.

"That's hydrocyanic," he said. "I suppose you'll want this, but you'd better be careful how you handle it. If you had a drop on your fingers and then rubbed your lips thoughtlessly, it'd be too bad. There's nothing much I'd be able to do for you!"

"It's as deadly as that, is it?" Connolly asked.

"This fellow certainly picked the right stuff when he set out to commit suicide!"

"What makes you think he *did* commit suicide?"

"What do you mean?" asked the doctor. "What else could it be? It must be suicide. I don't see how on earth anyone could commit murder by getting his victim to drink off a wine-glass of hydrocyanic acid!"

"Something like that must've happened!" Connolly said. "I don't know how, but this man was murdered. And he *wasn't* murdered here!"

HOW DID HE KNOW?

(See page 28)

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

STOMACH VICTIM given 6 months to live
That was nine years ago. But to-day Mrs. W. who heard that tragic verdict, is still alive and well, a busy mother, with happy home and family.
She was taken away for a serious gastric operation and sent home without hope. "In spite of dieting," she writes, "I had terrible pains until one day I decided to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. From the time I started it until now I have been free from pain or discomfort. I can eat anything and everything. When I came out of hospital I weighed 6 stone. I now turn the scale at 10 stone. I write in gratitude."
Thousands of sufferers date their release from stomach torture from the day they discovered Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Are you a victim of Indigestion, Heartburn, Wind, Palpitation? Then act in time. Bring home a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, which did Mrs. W. so much good. After the first dose you will feel your pain subsiding. Soon your stomach will be strong and well again. You will be eating, enjoying and digesting anything you please. But be sure to see it is MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is only obtainable with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on carton, bottle or tin. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. New 6d. tin (15 Tablets). Economy pocket tin (25 Tablets) 9d.

EMERGENCY TREATMENT OF SKIN INJURIES
SAFETY FIRST USE
Be prepared for an emergency and keep Cuticura Brand Ointment in your First Aid Kit. It brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents spread of infection, quickly heals. At all Chemists and Stores, 1/3 and 2/6 a tin.
194
Cuticura OINTMENT

Your Washing Day Made Easier!
LIGHTEN your washing day! EVERY home should have an Acme Cleanser-Wringer like the one illustrated on page 23. Write, mentioning JOHN BULL, for free illustrated booklet, D.4, describing all models (portable as well), sizes, prices, etc., to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

Mrs. Meagle wants to know . . .

MRS. MEAGLE | THE PARSON'S WIFE

"Well, Mum, all I say is, soap flakes may be all right for them that can afford them. I know I can't."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Meagle. Why with Sylvan Soap Flakes you get half as much again as with the other kinds."

"That's as may be, but inexpensive flakes do your hands no good, not with all that soda."

"Soda, Mrs. Meagle? I said Sylvan Flakes. There isn't a scrap of soda in Sylvan. And my hands don't look too bad—even you will have to admit that."

"Anyway, soap flakes leave a nasty fusty smell in woollens, I do know that."

"That proves you've never used Sylvan Soap Flakes, Mrs. Meagle. Sylvan never leaves a trace of smell in woollies, even when they're packed away for months—and Sylvan can't shrink them either. I wouldn't trust my daintiest things with anything but Sylvan."

"Well, why haven't they told us about these things? Hiding their Sylvan under a bushel, I call it."

MUCH MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

YOU get about half as much extra of the purest soap flakes when you buy Sylvan Flakes. Sylvan's foaming suds wash all your garments, from daintiest silks to heaviest woollens, cleaner, better, with absolute safety. Sylvan Flakes can't make silks or woollens lose their shape—or colours run. And there's no soda in Sylvan to roughen and redden your hands.

SYLVAN FLAKES

USE SYLVAN AND SAVE

Get the Giant Pack 1/-. Other economy sizes 6d. & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO. LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

OUT AGAIN

ON SATURDAY, MARCH 23

in time for the Flat Race Season!

This issue will contain—**Complete Programmes for Easter Week's Racing—"Noted in the Ring" by the S.L. Expert—"Form Horses" by "Selen"—Notes from Newmarket and Northern Quarters—System Statistics—Football Notes and Selections—Greyhound Racing, etc., etc.** ALL who have a speculative interest in sport must have THE SPORTING LIFE WEEKLY EDITION. Make sure of your copy each week—place a written order with your newsagent to-day for the regular supply of THE SPORTING LIFE WEEKLY EDITION—price 2d. every Saturday.

The Sporting Life WEEKLY EDITION

For 'Active' Service!

WHAT A "JOHN BULL" READER says

"I'm sending for another of your Pens; I would like to say I have had one for nearly twenty years, and it is still in use."

Mrs. A.W., Plymouth.

Cash the Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 5/6 plus 2d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Ten may send five coupons and P.O. for 3/6 plus 2d. postage and insurance. DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA, incl. Clip.

State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT, 126-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

"Mum, why can't I have Savings Certificates?"
"Mum, Sybil's mother is buying her savings certificates so she can go to High School when she's older."
"They must have more money than us. With everything so dear, I can't save a farthing."
"I do wish we could save a bit to give Jean a start in life."
"People like us have lent the Government millions of pounds and they'll get it all back with interest. Couldn't we have a shot at Saving."
AT SYBIL'S HOME
"Forgive me asking, but how do you manage to save just now?"
"I've replanned my housekeeping and buy all the foods like Bournville Cocoa, that haven't gone up in price."
"This Cocoa's the stuff to give a cold and hungry man."
"Jean loves it too, it hasn't gone up in price, and you get 28 cups in a 6d ¼lb. tin. And one cup made with milk is equal to two eggs- so you can see what we're saving by drinking Cocoa."
"Jean darling, here's your first savings certificate. Now I've learnt about war-time housekeeping, I can save for one every week, and soon you'll be a rich little girl."

BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE BY CADBURYS

Still at Peace-time price

6D PER QTR LB 11D PER HALF LB

The Battling Slave!

HIS name was Tom.

He had no other. He was born a slave, and he might have died a slave if Nature had not endowed him with the strength that later earned for him undying fame as the first great black fighter.

Tom, the slave boy, who toiled in the cotton fields of Virginia, is remembered as Tom Molyneux, first champion of America, a worthy forerunner to such stars as Johnson, Jackson, Langford, McVea, Gans and Joe Louis.

Tom first fought for his freedom from the slavery keeping him bound to the drudgery of the plantation.

He took his prize ring name from that of his master, a planter, who was so impressed by the fine physique of this young slave that he matched him in a bare knuckle battle with a negro belonging to a neighbour.

In the manner of these old-time gamblers, he bet far more than he could afford on the match.

Then, dismayed at the prospect of ruin, he promised Tom his freedom (and a hundred dollars) if he won!

It proved shrewd encouragement. With such a vision before him, Tom fought with the ferocity of a tiger, and speedily slugged the other negro into insensibility.

This was the first time he had struck a man. Despite his formidable physique, he was a good-natured, happy-go-lucky fellow. With no trade to which he could turn his hand when he was freed from the plantation, young Tom took to fighting.

DANCING LIKE A BROWN SHADOW AMONG A. W. HELLIWELL'S "GIANTS OF THE RING" IS BIG TOM MOLYNEUX, A SLAVE WHO FOUGHT HIS WAY TO A TRAGIC FREEDOM

This fight must always be a blot on British boxing

Nowhere in the States could they find a man to beat him.

Proudly established as the first champion of the New World, Tom Molyneux sailed for England, eager to try his luck in a match with our own Tom Cribb.

They fought twice.

Those two clashes between black and white champions are among the most desperate battles in boxing history.

Molyneux found great prejudice against him because of his colour.

Tom Cribb and his supporters scoffed at the idea of a negro fighting, but after the American had defeated sailor Tom Blake, the Bristol strong man, they were forced to alter that opinion. A contest between them was arranged for December 18, 1810.

And black Tom was deliberately robbed of the fight he had fairly won, because the spectators wanted to see Cribb give the negro a thrashing.

They were prepared to go to any lengths to save Cribb from being beaten by a foreigner who had been a slave not so long before.

The Englishman had all the best of it at the beginning.

IT was bitterly cold, and the rain fell in torrents. Molyneux shivered miserably. Accustomed to the warmth of the south, his two previous fights in England had been in the broiling heat of July and August.

And now the only time his teeth ceased to chatter was when Cribb's sledge-hammer blows smashed against them.

With every man in the crowd for him, the white champion was fighting with brimming confidence.

But Molyneux was made of iron.

Those who wagered that he would quit after feeling the weight of Cribb's heavy punches were soon proved wrong.

The coloured man fought back grimly, and there were grave faces around the ring as Cribb's friends saw how he winced when Molyneux's terrific punches battered through his guard.

"For God's sake don't let the nigger win, Tom," yelled the crowd. "Go for him, Tom! Remember the honour of old England!"

Staggering drunkenly on rubbery legs that refused to support him, Cribb was almost done by the end of the twenty-seventh round.

Tom had beaten him fair and square.

When time was called, Cribb remained slumped in his corner, his head rolling helplessly from side to side, too weak to move.

OUT in the centre of the ring Tom Molyneux waited while Cribb was called three times. But he could not even stand.

As Molyneux, smiling with delight, was about to cross to the Englishman's corner to shake him by the hand, there was an angry shout.

"The nigger's using bullets in his hands," cried one of Cribb's seconds. "He's battered Tom with lead."

The cry was taken up all round the ring, while Molyneux, his eyes round with astonishment, opened his palms for all to see that they were empty.

But the diversion had served its purpose.

Neat spirit had been poured down Cribb's throat, and by the time order was restored he was able to take his stand.

Obviously upset by this mean trick, Molyneux was completely put out. Worse still, the bitter wind and rain increased and he was soon shivering uncontrollably again.

Then he tripped over Cribb after knocking him down and stunned himself against a ring post.

When he came up to scratch at the call of time, he was still dazed. For several rounds he was so paralysed that he could not raise his hands to defend himself. Cribb punished him terribly.

Even so, it was not until the fortieth round that Cribb was able to finish off the negro. Wearily and somewhat shamefacedly he raised his hands in acknowledgment of the applause he so little deserved.

For a long time Cribb dodged a second meeting with the man who had soundly beaten him, but in the end he could no longer ignore Molyneux's repeated challenges without appearing a coward.

They met again in the autumn of 1811.

In the interval, the coloured fighter had fought several fights and won them all, even though his opponent had once given him twenty minutes to come up to scratch after being knocked out.

Yet with few friends and no wealthy backers to look after him, Molyneux made little money.

He could not afford to train for his contest with Cribb, and he was so hungry that when he was offered a meal an hour before the fight he consumed a whole chicken and a gallon of porter!

Out of condition and bloated with this huge repast, he was easy game for the hammer-fisted Cribb, who thrashed him unmercifully in nineteen minutes.

One terrible blow shattered Molyneux's jaw, but he fought on until he dropped unconscious.

The negro never fully recovered from the effects of that beating, and from then on he went slowly but surely downhill.

He died seven years later.

NEXT WEEK:

A. W. Helliwell introduces Battling Nelson, who in action was the nearest thing to perpetual motion the ring has ever seen.

Mystery Solution

See page 26

THE wine-glass proved that someone had murdered the soldier, and then faked the crime to look like suicide.

The glass must have been *placed* where he found it on the stone floor. Had the soldier committed suicide he would have dropped the glass, and it would have been smashed to fragments on the stone floor.

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

BANISHED BABY'S ECZEMA

Germolene skin healing magic scores another triumph! Irritating Eczema, tormented this baby. Soothing ***Germolene*** healed it without a trace!

Wonderful ***Germolene***! Soothing at a touch. Danger-arresting — soreness - allaying ***Germolene***. Let it heal YOUR skin.

Read this Letter!

"As a mother who has found such wonderful results from the use of your ***Germolene*** I feel I ought to express my gratitude. My little son at the age of two months was terribly troubled with Eczema which tormented his life and mine night and day. After trying various remedies without success, ***Germolene*** has entirely cured the complaint. He is now a perfect little chap at the age of 2½ years. Thanks to ***Germolene***.

Mrs. L. P.—Oxted.

Get YOUR tin of ***Germolene*** TO-DAY!

The World's Quickest Healer of ULCERS BAD LEG PIMPLES CUTS BURNS OPEN WOUNDS

Sold everywhere 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin.

FOR EMERGENCY USE ASK FOR **Germoplast** FIRST AID DRESSINGS CONTAINING GERMOLENE MEDICATION

Sold by all good Chemists

SIMPLE HOME RECIPE AGAINST COUGHS, COLDS AND CATARRH

FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS

To bring relief and a speedy end to catarrh, coughs, colds, head noises, catarrhal deafness, nothing is so effective as this simple remedy, which works with such speed that you can feel it doing you good from the first dose. Get from your chemist one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength). This contains in concentrated form ten essential oils and extracts which are invaluable in the treatment of catarrh, colds, etc. Empty the Parmint essences into a half-pint bottle, add 3 to 4 ounces of sugar, fill with warm water and shake until dissolved. You will then have a full half-pint of the most powerful and efficacious medicine and one that is so pleasant to take that even the kiddies will love it. This Parmint preparation is very easy to make and everyone liable to catarrh or having a bad cough or cold should give this simple recipe a trial. Cut out this paragraph to remind you to buy an ounce bottle of Parmint (Double Strength), which makes a good half-pint of the finest medicine.

Reduced

BUST . . : 8 inches

HIPS . . : 6 inches

WAIST . . 9 inches

Thousands of Ladies say:—"I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful ELF reduced parcel got from 46" to 34". Also, my measurements were—Bust 38", Hips 40", Waist 32". NOW my measurements are—Bust 34", Hips 37", Waist 27" as you can see for yourself the improvement is marvellous." Thousands of women have found the SAFE way to slimness and renewed health through ELF Breast Obesity Tablets. So can YOU! As the weight vanishes from your bosom and body as you will find a new interest and pleasure in life.

ELF Breast Obesity Tablets are sold at all Chemists at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box, or post free by sending the value to:—ELF HELP CO. LTD. (Dept. 427), 20 REGENT AVENUE, LONDON, W.1. (Plain price do not apply in Eire. No proprietary rights claimed in the preparation of this remedy.)

. . . MEN OF COOL COURAGE

. . FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

Men, who themselves are expected to be consistently cool, demand consistent coolness from their tobacco —that's why men of action insist upon Bondman's satisfying restfulness.

LLOYDS'

Bondman TOBACCO

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/2½d per oz. Vacuum Tins
ALSO 1/- PACKETS
EMPIRE BLEND . . . . 1/1 per oz. Vacuum Tins

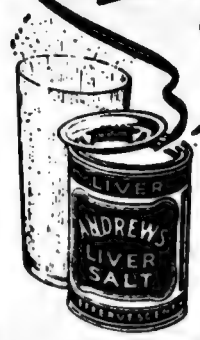
112b

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 3.

Excuse me— for daily fitness Inner Cleanliness comes first!



Follow the simple health rule of daily INNER Cleanliness. Then, not only will you keep fresh and look your best, but you'll feel fitter physically and mentally. From the moment you drink your tonic glass of Andrews, your Inner Cleanliness begins. See how Andrews does its purifying work:—

FIRST . . Andrews cleans the mouth and tongue.

NEXT . . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN . . Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making poisons, corrects Constipation and purifies the blood.

Refreshing Andrews is the ideal tonic laxative for all, including the children. Take it regularly as you need it. Andrews' purifying journey through your system results in your complete INNER Cleanliness. Buy a tin today, 9d and 1/4.

ANDREWS

When days are cold try Andrews with the chill off

(92c)

Don't Worry about HEAD COLDS & SORE THROATS

Head-colds, coughs, sore throats, mild 'flu, and all sorts of feverish complaints are about. The thing to do is to STAMP THEM OUT NOW—WITH 'ASPRO'. You can do it if you act at once. At the first sign of a sore throat use 'ASPRO' as a gargle—the sore throat will be banished—the infection stopped. For a feverish cold or 'flu take two tablets with a hot lemon drink, and you will find the 'flu or cold disappear. 'ASPRO' claims are not mere assertions, they have been proved true by thousands of your fellow citizens. So do not be put off with make-believe—ask for 'ASPRO'—see that you get it—and then use it. Remember

'ASPRO'

will put you RIGHT

'ASPRO' GARGLE STOPPED YEARS OF SUFFERING

6 Forge Street,
Crewe, Cheshire.

Dear Sirs, I feel I must write you and tell you the good results I have obtained from 'ASPRO' tablets. I work in a Gas Works and I have had many years of throat trouble and I have had great suffering and even loss of time at work through this complaint. About a month ago one of my workmates advised me to use 'ASPRO' as a gargle and also as a medicine at night time before retiring to bed. I took his advice and the results have been remarkable. In fact I am a different person now and I am not a youngster, being 54 years of age. I shall always recommend 'ASPRO' to all persons I come into contact with in future for I could not speak too highly of your 'ASPRO' tablets. You are at full liberty to make use of my testimonial so that other sufferers may end their Daily Throat Torture.

Yours faithfully, W. WEBB.

COLDS GO LIKE MAGIC

75 Leslie Street,
Kirkcaldy, Fife.

Dear Sirs, For some time past I have been troubled with severe colds in the head but after taking a friend's advice to try 'ASPRO' all headaches and the cold went like magic. Two 'ASPRO' tablets are worth more than a dozen ordinary aspirins.—I am, Yours faithfully,

J. BURKE.

STOPS SORE THROAT OVERNIGHT

Dear Sirs, Southgate, London, N.14.

I thought I would like you to know how your wonderful 'ASPROS' have helped me. The other week I had a sore throat and headache and felt terrible. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon and also gargled with two and the next morning I felt as fit as a fiddle. I have tried other brands but none of them come up to 'ASPROS.'

Yours gratefully, MRS. G. M.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.
Telephone: SLOUGH 22381

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

HOW TO USE 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

For sore throat, tonsillitis, etc., put two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle with the mixture. The tablets break up into thousands of tiny particles which adhere to the lining of the throat, thus exerting the maximum antiseptic healing effect at the root of the trouble.

'ASPRO' STOPPED THE COLD EVERY TIME

11 Dancer Road,
Fulham, S.W.5.

Dear Sirs, I would like to express my gratitude for many colds averted by 'ASPRO' tablets. As a sufferer from catarrh I am extremely liable to catch a cold from the slightest change of temperature or damp. I found a few years ago that a few 'ASPROS' taken immediately there were signs of "snuffles" promptly stopped further development of the trouble, and since then the only severe colds I have had have been owing to delay in getting 'ASPRO.' I have been glad to recommend them widely to my friends, who have, without exception, thanked me for a really valuable "tip" for staving off a cold. I thought this might interest you as an honest appreciation of your product, coming from a complete stranger.

Yours faithfully, V. MOORE (Mrs.).

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

ASPRO

PUBLIC NOTICE. 'ASPRO' prices are not increased. They remain the same as pre-war

3D 6D 1/3 2/6

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

To-day's Dr. Cassells Health Bulletin

If nerve suffering is your trouble read these two remarkable cases, which show you how to overcome your weakness and make a good recovery.

IN A STATE OF DESPAIR

This poor woman prayed for the dawn — yet she lived in dread of every coming day. Has the awful horror of sleeplessness ever brought you to this pitch of despair? Have your nerves begun to let you down — until you feel life isn't worth living? Read this short letter and take heart. "*I was a martyr to sleeplessness. Night after night I laid awake praying for the dawn, yet dreading it. I got into a state of nervous despair, so weak that I reeled as I walked. Then I tried Dr. Cassells Tablets. I AM CONVINCED THEY SAVED MY LIFE. Now I am well and strong.*" (signed) Mrs. C. of Streatham.

Now— Strong and well!

NEAR COMPLETE BREAKDOWN

The man who wrote this letter to us says we shouldn't recognise him now as the man who started taking Dr. Cassells Tablets three weeks ago! That's what happens when Dr. Cassells begin to build up the nerves — they change the whole personality: bring new hope, new interest in life, new HEALTH! This is what Mr. B. of Ilford says: "*I felt very weak and exhausted. Then I went off my food and suffered very badly from nervous headaches. From this it was only a short step to complete breakdown. Then I began to take Dr. Cassells Tablets and the result was amazing—after three weeks you would not have recognised me for the same man.*"

Now— You wouldn't know me for the same man

Feed your Nerves with

DR CASSELLS TABLETS BRAND

—AND YOU WILL QUICKLY

EAT BETTER!

SLEEP BETTER!

FEEL BETTER!

1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Trial size 6d.

The Great Nerve Tonic and Body Builder

Send at once for your

SAMPLE of BROOKLAX

the Chocolate Laxative

—it's FREE!

Be rid of your constipation troubles by accepting the generous free offer on p. 16. The makers of Brooklax Chocolate Laxative have such faith in the efficacy of this excellent remedy that they offer readers of "John Bull" a Free Sample. Simply fill in the coupon on p. 16 and post at once.

"John Bull's" padre, the Rev. Pat McCormick, continues his fireside talks with an Easter message for the future

You Can Catch Christianity!

"I have great hope for the future. I have been shown that at least there is fertile soil on which religion can be cultivated—if it is planted in the right way"

EVEN though statistics seem to show that church attendances are not what they were, I am convinced that the majority of persons are more religious than you would think.

This has been proved to me not only by the letters I have received from JOHN BULL readers, but also by the response to my radio talks. Services broadcast from St. Martin's seem to inspire people all over the world. Yet you would never say that most of these people were deeply religious.

So I have great hope for the future.

My listeners and readers have shown me that there is at least fertile soil on which religion can be cultivated—if it is planted in the right way.

British people believe that we are fighting to maintain a Christian civilization in Europe as against definitely un-Christian tyranny, rule by force and aggression.

Now is the time to explain those Christian principles for which Britain is fighting.

There can be no real world peace without the right-dealing and justice on which Christianity itself is based.

The hope of the world still lies in conforming to Christ and His principles. The old slogan, "Christ or Chaos," seems to be truer than ever in these days.

We are brought back to this by the 1,900-year-old events to which we turn our attention at Easter.

The Crucifixion and Resurrection of Jesus Christ are well authenticated historical events, and there is overwhelming evidence of their results.

The small band of Christ's followers became an increasing power throughout the Roman Empire in a few years, and despite drastic persecution it continued to grow until the Empire became nominally Christian.

This rather illiterate band of ordinary men turned the world upside down, because they believed that their Leader had given His life for the world. He had risen again to bring new hope and new life to men.

They not only believed this themselves, but persuaded great numbers of people to believe it, too.

IT is the most stupendous fact in history.

What started as a seemingly insignificant little Jewish sect became within a few years a world-wide society bound together by loyalty to Jesus Christ, who had been crucified, but was living again.

That was what they affirmed, that was what they believed.

It brought a new hope to the world. It was infectious.

People caught Christianity from being in contact with Christians; through seeing their unselfishness, their joy, and their courage.

We would like to revive that Spirit to-day.

We'd have to forget our divisions, and abandon a lot of prestige and unchristian competition.

We'd have to live much more simply, and become less bound to what we call the good things of life.

WE'D have to depend a great deal more on the Fellowship than many of us do now. The fellowship will attract the people whom individuals can't touch.

Although we may not yet see the possibility of returning to the primitive conditions of Christianity, we must never forget that we can have the same faith and hope as the early Christians.

We can still believe not only that **Jesus died for our sins**, but also that **Jesus lives to make us free.**

We can still have the living hope that nothing can separate us from the love of God.

We can still show that spirit of unselfishness, cheerfulness and love, the marks of the first Christians by which men were won for Christ.

This we can do because we believe that Jesus died and rose again, to live in us to-day.

"Greatest of These"

Bare cupboards for his Easter

BEFORE the spirit of charity, created by Easter sentiments, can evaporate, ponder on the plight of a family that faces not only this holiday week-end but also the future with blank faces of despair.

"I am recovering from pneumonia, asthma and bronchitis and the doctor says I need extra nourishment," writes Mrs. M. Tierney, of Wishaw, Lanarkshire, whose husband, an ex-soldier, is in the Army again.

"How can I make ends meet," she continues, "when there are four children under sixteen to be fed and clothed on 36s. a week? My eldest girl, now fifteen, suffers from tuberculosis and may never be fit for work. My fourteen-year-old son has also had bronchitis.

"And the other two, eight and three and a half, require the best food if they are to grow sturdy and strong. But what can I do? Already I owe £3 in rent."

There is no need to stress the struggle this woman has in meeting her obligations.

Send donations, earmarked "Samuel," to give this sad family a chance to regain health and to feel again that life is worth while.

Address your letter to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

We gratefully acknowledge 2s. from A. C. (The Hyde).

In Your Garden — *by Richard Sudell*

Giving 'em Beans

RICH in proteins, beans are a meat substitute, and they include some of the finest vegetables for food value.

Like all legumes, beans prefer a soil that is well cultivated with a liberal dressing of lime.

Because they all carry little bacterial nodules on the roots which fix nitrogen in the soil and leave it richer, the best fertilisers for bean crops are superphosphate of lime and sulphate of potash, applied when the seedlings are two inches high.

Take out a trench where beans are to be sown; work decayed manure or vegetable matter into the subsoil, and then dust the trench with lime before filling in and sowing.

BROAD BEANS, earliest of the bean crops to sow, are quite hardy. Take out a drill, nine inches wide and four inches deep. Sow the seeds at the bottom of this in a double row, six inches apart each way. For early crops, get Early Long Pod and for the main crop the Windsor type. A pint will sow a 40-foot row.

When the seedlings come above the soil they should have a little earth drawn above the stems as a protection against late frosts.

RUNNER BEANS. Begin now to open out the trench where the runner beans will be grown. Break the subsoil roughly and leave it until the seeds are sown in May. These beans cannot be sown until frosts are finished. Sow the seeds six inches apart, and five feet should be allowed between each row if more than one row is grown. When staking, use poles, or strings fastened to wires secured to posts at each end of the row.

DWARF BEANS. French beans are useful for the small garden because they occupy little space. They are not sown until the end of April. The rows should be two feet apart and three inches between the seeds, which are thinned out later to six inches apart. "Canadian Wonder" is a good variety. Among the dwarf beans that can be used for drying as haricots in the winter are White Rice and Brown Dutch. There is also a climbing French Bean which should have a rich soil to get the best results. The variety Phenomenal is good because the pods can either be gathered when young and cooked in the ordinary way or the seeds can be allowed to ripen and stored for use as haricots.

INDIGESTION AND FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them. Neat flat boxes for the pocket 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6.

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

A FOOD RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

OUR modern staples—potatoes, white bread, eggs, etc.—contain hardly any "bulk."

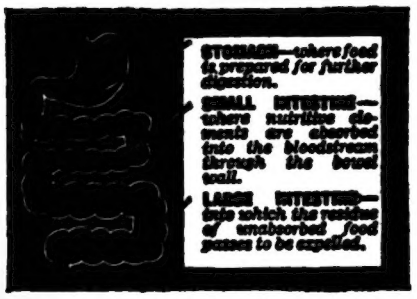
They get almost completely absorbed into the system and the residue they leave is not bulky enough for the bowel muscles to "take hold of." They cease to work—you get constipated.

Purgatives and drugs will not give permanent relief. They do not get at the *cause*. What's more, they irritate the bowel—and constant irritation of the bowel may lead to serious harm.

That's why doctors today recommend All-Bran. All-Bran is a *natural* bulk food that works on the muscles in the same way as fruit and vegetables—*but more surely, more thoroughly*. It brings about a *normal*, regular movement because it supplies the bulk that muscles need to "take hold of."

Eat All-Bran regularly for breakfast, drink plenty of fluids and you'll forget what it is to be constipated. Get Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer today, 7½d.

THIS MAN LOOKS SURPRISED when his friend tells him that constipation can be relieved by a food. The friend explains that his doctor told him the real cause of constipation—lack of bulk in the diet.


STOMACH—where food is prepared for further digestion.
SMALL INTESTINE—where nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream through the bowel wall.
LARGE INTESTINE—into which the residue of unabsorbed food passes to be expelled.

THIS DIAGRAM EXPLAINS why lack of bulk is the cause of constipation. If the residue of food in the large intestine is not bulky enough, the muscles cannot "take hold" of it. It is not expelled—you become constipated.

ALL-BRAN *is a natural bulk food.* Because it gives the bowel muscles the bulk they need to "take hold of," it brings about a normal, regular movement. All-Bran is not a drug, not a medicine, but a crisp delicious breakfast cereal.

LIFE'S GRAND AGAIN. "Constipation has always been my enemy, but after baby arrived my condition became really serious. Then I started eating All-Bran every day and within a week was 'regular.' Now I get through the day in grand style."

A pleasant change—and more change—when you buy

ARMY CLUB

THE FRONT LINE CIGARETTE

20 for 1/0½

Prices in 'Naafi' canteens with the B.E.F. 10 for frs.1.90—20 for frs.3.75

COLDS, CHILLS 'FLU

Stop Them For—

2d

2d Stops a cold from the very first sneeze. 2d Averts a chill from the first shivery feeling. 2d Wards off 'flu from the first warning ache. 2d is the price of a *Beechams Powder*—the wonder remedy which, due to its special powder form, is QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results. Wonderful also for HEADACHES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, NERVE PAINS. Get your supply today! Cartons of 8 Powders 1/2. Single Powders 2d each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

ACT LIKE MAGIC

BEECHAMS POWDERS

Why Suffer from PILES?

Are you a victim of piles (haemorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant bleeding? If so, be sure and give Zam-Buk a trial. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases of piles, often when an operation seemed the only means of escape.

Zam-Buk

Brand OINTMENT

Zam-Buk brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/8 per box. Left in position all night they soothe and cure while you sleep.

For INWARD PILES

Is Ready To SOOTHE & HEAL

Another GIANT 1-WEEK 'John Bull' X-WORD!

WIN £2 WEEKLY for LIFE and £500 Cash

£150 in Cash and SURREY FOWLS

CASH AND 9 LB FOWLS TO COMBINED TOTAL OF £150 BETWEEN 1ST RUNNERS-UP

£1,000 CASH IF WINNER PREFERS LUMP SUM

BONUS AWARDS value £2

ONE PRESENTED TO EACH RUNNER-UP WHO SUBMITTED 4 OR MORE SQUARES (OR "TIME-SAVA" COLUMNS) FOR THIS CONTEST.

EVERY PRIZE THIS WEEK ACCOMPANIED BY DOUBLE WAR SAVINGS BONUS!

THIS page of *"John Bull"* brings you a golden opportunity to capture *the finest prize to be won in competitions to-day!*

Success in this Monster ONE-WEEK OFFER means £500 cash for you at once—*and over £2,000 in Weekly Pension Cheques during the next 20 years of your life.*

As announced below, yet another big *John Bull* Pension has just been won outright; win *your* prize of a life-time this week!

YOUR FREE PRIVILEGE. Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bullets Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Cash and Radio Offer, provided it bears same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 35.

ACROSS CLUES.

1. Good cook isn't likely to waste this in kitchen
4. There's danger for spy if he tries drawing military one nowadays
5. May clearly describe ghostly visitor's face
6. Reposes
11. One relying on absurd coincidences isn't likely to be a great success
12. Possibly a bad egg
19. Some papers are inclined to make one look bigger than it really is
20. Uncommon
21. Reception may be spoilt by this in radio
22. Coward's not the type to do this very much when honour's at stake
23. Layer of eggs may very well be this

DOWN CLUES.

2. Four and twenty blackbirds were baked in
3. This of laughter shows comedian's joke is a success
7. Chance exposure may give one
8. Striking one can cause thousands to hear what sounds like an explosion
9. Mere sight of this is a tonic to some people
10. It's not uncommon for buyer to order a whole one of fish when quantities are required
13. May indicate a certain falling behind
14. Ordinary poacher probably knows how to use one
15. Play-boy boxer might do this just to get publicity
16. Principal actor in a play
17. Most people would agree average British heavyweight is this
18. May just possibly spoil what would have been a fine picture

FREE GIFTS
FOR CROSSWORDERS—SEE PAGE 35.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

Presented on this page is the 195th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE

Apply at once by postcard to "John Bull" if you need extra squares for this week's Giant Offer.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, April 11. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 195, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C 2 (Comp.).

PENSION AGAIN WON OUTRIGHT!

RESULT OF CROSSWORD No. 192.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 192, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrant who indicated the most meritorious Set of Answers for one Square (see on right) was the following competitor:—

F. H. COATES,
102, REPTON AVE., HOLLINS, OLDHAM.

This competitor will receive £4 weekly for Life, or a lump sum of £1,250 Cash.

The Award of £150 in Cash and Easter Ducklings to Runners-up has been divided between the following five competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entry received. These winners will each receive Cash and Ducklings to the combined value of £30.

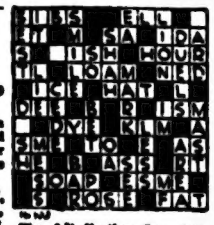
P. A. BENNETT, 21, Shorncliffe Cres., Folkestone; E. E. DRACUP, 17, Pine Grove, Middleton; S. M. GREEN, Glenroy, Bolton Rd., Whitebirk, Shropshire; C. TAYLOR, 10, Mossfield Grove, Moordown, Bournemouth; L. WILSON, 54, Cushee Dene, Hanwell, W.7.

An extra Bonus Award value £2 will be sent to each Runner-up who submitted four or more squares for this Contest.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. RIDE. 2. ELL. 6. FISH or WISH. 7. HOUR. 10. ICE. 11. HAT. 18. DYE. 19. ASS. 21. SOAP. 22. ROSE. 23. FAT.
DOWN.—1. REST. 2. SMILE. 4. BARD, CARD or WARD. 5. DUELS. 8. LIE. 9. MARK. 12. DASH or DISH. 13. REP. 14. MAST. 16. LESS. 17. MESS. 18. BAR. 20. SEE.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

Spaces left blank to indicate that at these points FISH or WISH, BARD, CARD or WARD and DASH or DISH were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label you will secure a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" containing Adjudication Committee's Findings on this Contest.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Two squares allowed FREE with each six paid. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, March 30, 1940.

2. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, April 11. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,000 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 195. **Closing Postmark SATURDAY, MARCH 30.**

YOUR FREE PRIVILEGE If these squares and those published in the "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement are entered together, entry-fee of only 1s. 6d. need be enclosed, thus allowing TWO SQUARES FREE. Normal entry-fee payable if this Entry Form is not so accompanied.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions and enclose Postal Order (number and value below) to cover necessary entry-fee. Stamps may be used if preferred at the rate of 3d. per square.

P.O. Value.... No. .....

Name .....

Address .....

REMEMBER ALSO TO ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO THIS "GAZETTE" LABEL.

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE)

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

27.....

Mark X in this square if you do not already possess a red Collecting Book for National Savings Stamps.

Voice of the People

★ Should Army Doctors Tell?

★ Britain's Escaping Club

SIX weeks have elapsed since I was exempted from the Army on medical grounds. I was not told what could be done to make me fit. I was just turned down.

For the sake of a minute, why shouldn't the doctor give some advice?

As it turned out, I should have been having hospital treatment, but that would never have been discovered if the Army doctor's silence had not sent me hurrying to my own consultant.—Ernest Atkinson, Central Chambers, Pontefract.

By "Poolex"

SOME of the dividends paid for four aways on the "Unity" coupon make it well worth tackling the problem systematically.

One game in every four results as a "2" which means that out of the 30 to 34 games given on the "away" list, you can expect about 8 away winners. If you picked four games at random, there would be about one chance in 250 of all four being away wins.

Taking the consensus of Twenty Experts published in the *Daily Herald* on Tuesdays, as the basis, I have analysed away forecasts and results since war time pools started. This table shows the number of away votes (out of 20) compared with the percentage of away winners.

Away Votes.	Percentage of away Wins.
17 to 20	54
13 to 16	46
8 to 12	40
3 to 7	33
0, 1 or 2	18

This is an automatic guide to the selection of likely away winners. If you confine your choice to those games for which eight or more of the experts predict an away win, each of your selections has virtually an even chance of being correct.

When you add systematic permutation to systematic selection, you can improve your chances still further. This seven-column marking is recommended for the aways pool:—

2	2	2	2	-	-	-
2	2	-	-	2	2	-
2	-	2	-	2	-	2
2	-	-	2	-	2	2
	2	2	-	-	2	2
-	2	-	2	2	-	2
-		2	2	2	2	-

Loosened Tongues

DON'T you think it mean to try to make capital out of a war?

Yet intemperately minded temperance people are doing just that.

You can see their posters displayed on wayside pulpits throughout the country: "Beware of Spies. Alcoholic Drink Loosens Tongues." — Robert Lock, Exmouth, Devon.

Wildest gossip takes place over tea-cups.

They Call It "Sport"

AS an ex-gamekeeper, I endorse JOHN BULL's views on fox-hunting. Gamekeepers too often find these fine-looking animals shockingly mauled to believe there can be any mercy in the "sport."

I have often found foxes with their hind legs torn away.—Ex-Gamekeeper Penn, St. Helens, Lancs.

Post mortems have shown that most foxes run with ruptured lungs before being caught. Nothing more agonising could be endured by an animal.

Good Samaritans

MANY people have read about the good-natured woman who has thrown open one of the rooms of her house to soldiers' wives as an "'Arty Larfter Club." But they haven't been told of another splendid war worker.

She is a woman of 70.

Every visitor to her house puts a penny in a box in the hall. At the end of the week she serves, with the help of two women assistants, a grand hot meal to a houseful of poor children.

She would do it out of her own pocket if it were not that, like so many people with the right intentions, she is poor.—Mrs. S. J., Burnside, of Newhall, Newtonhill, Aberdeen.

Escaping Prisoners

THERE are too many escapes from prisoners-of-war camps.

I suggest that when these well-treated guests are apprehended, after causing us all this trouble, they should be sent to a civilian prison to undergo a term of hard labour under rigorous conditions.—V. C. Eaton, Pine Close, Huyton, near Liverpool.

"John Bull" doesn't agree. There would be reprisals on British prisoners escaping from German camps. Famous Britons who have escaped from the enemy include a judge, two Harley Street specialists, and Winston Churchill, who was captured by the Boers and broke camp.

HITLER has given British railway locomotive drivers something they have been wanting for half a century.

Denied to them before on the grounds of expense, anti-glare shields are now fitted to prevent light from fire-holes being visible to aircraft.

They serve a more useful purpose.

They keep off the biting winds, the lashing rain and snow beating down on the footplates, especially of the slowest-moving freighters, starving and drenching the crews.

We don't welcome war, but we do hope the anti-glare shield has come to stay.—E. Gaskell, Yeyton Avenue, Moston, Manchester.

AND the black-out nas done good service to motorists, provided they have good night-driving eyes.

No longer are traffic signals lost in a blaze of blinking, glaring lights from windows, signs and hoardings.

They stand out clearly against the black background.

After the war, more care should be shown to ensure that lights essential to the public safety are not "shouted down" in this way.—F. G., Southborough, Kent.

Race with 'Silver Ring'

ON the eve of a flat racing season that will be without Ascot, Epsom, Kempton, Chester and one or two other important meetings, we can find little room for complaint in the list of fixtures arranged by the Jockey Club.

For war time racing, it is a big advance on the rations allowed in 1915-18.

Prominent trainers are quietly optimistic about the future of the twin industries of racing and bloodstock breeding.

Most big stables have about 70 per cent. of the number of horses that they shelter in peace time. Smaller trainers are relatively worse off, but there is a tendency for the owner of limited means to come back to the game now that we are assured of a fair amount of sport.

The small stables should struggle through the season without hardship.

Trainers have had trouble in preparing their charges For weeks at the early part of the year, horses were confined to stable yards, but it would be a mistake to imagine that only hurdlers will be fit for immediate engagements.

Titan will not be lacking in condition on Lincolnshire Handicap day, as many people seem to think.

The best of my news from Newmarket, Lambourn and the other centres will appear day by day in the Code.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 21, to Wednesday, March 27.

94 P U X Z T 98 O F A Q 93 C M R B D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J E I 95

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

96ZUEVYA would read OLYMPUS.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse, the figure 2 is substituted. IS96M2 would read RANEE.

GUARD CHILD AGAINST 'FLU COLDS

Get your child's bowels acting regularly and colds will be rare. But beware of strong opening medicines which strain the tiny bowels and leave them worse bound than ever. For safety's sake give 'California Syrup of Figs.' It breaks up a cold quicker than anything else because it removes all the poisonous constipated waste in which cold germs multiply by millions.

How children love its delicious flavour! See their eyes sparkle when you bring out the bottle for their weekly dose. And see how free they keep from colds and coughs. Get a bottle of this ideal laxative to-day. Be sure it is 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—

'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

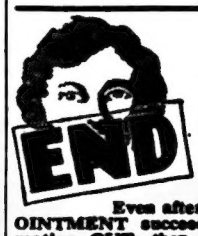
Be as Young at 50 As You Were at 25

NEW LIFE, PEP YOUTH OVERNIGHT FOR MEN PAST 40

Here's the greatest medical discovery of modern times—made by a group of Medical Institute doctors. A tonic especially made for men of 40, 50 or 60 who feel old or rundown, worn-out, exhausted, low in vitality. Contains raw oyster stimulants, invigorators for blood, nerves, glands, organs, special vitamins for vitality and youth. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force, youth. For both sexes. Get bottle *full strength* OYSTRAX Brand Tonic Tablets to-day. Introductory price *only* 1/9. If not delighted, maker refunds its *low* price. For sale at all chemists; all branches Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors.

Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, CLOISTER HERBAL TEA is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those black-out blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists, 6d. and 1/6.



END that SKIN TROUBLE

Even after years of suffering, LION OINTMENT succeeds. Brings the inflammation OUT—then forms a clean new skin from underneath. Proved safe and sure for 90 years, for Boils, Septic Wounds, Whitlows, Abscesses, even Bad Legs.

LION OINTMENT *Chemists, 1/3 3/-, 5/-.* 1/3

CIRCULATORY DISORDERS

A Free Offer.

★ A GENEROUS sample of an excellent remedy for all circulatory disorders and kindred ailments is offered on the Back Cover. This, together with a special free booklet and copies of recent testimonials explaining all about Elasto, the new biological remedy which restores the natural power of healing through the blood, will also be sent to those readers who turn to the announcement on the Back Cover and fill in the Free Coupon.

PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

BAD LEGS

Eczema, Burns, Cuts, Chilblains and all Skin Troubles invariably yield to HEALO Treatment, and Testimonials are constantly being received from grateful users. Here is one from Ebbw Vale, Mon.: "*Some years ago I suffered from a Bad Leg; the doctor advised going to the Infirmary to have it off, but I tried HEALO and it saved my leg. I have recommended it to many sufferers.*" *Mrs. W . . . .*

HEALO Brand Ointment is sold in 1/3 and 3/- tins from all Chemists or post free from Cuxson, Gerrard and Co., Ltd., Oldbury.

HEALO OINTMENT

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered

CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Wonderful Discovery of Unique Blood Substance Essential to Health!

By Every Post Letters Pour Into Our Offices ——Letters full of Praise and Thanks!

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing.

No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of 'Elasto.' Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad-leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto,'—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers!*

What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Eree Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health! It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and, to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is *absolutely essential.* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say—

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to 'Elasto,' my leg is now completely cured."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"'Elasto' has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Thrombosis gone; legs better and less swelling."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"No pain or swelling in my legs now. I think it is wonderful after being unable to get about for two years."
"Your wonderful remedy has also cured me of cramp from which I had suffered for years."
"'Elasto' tones up the system and cures depression."
"My heart is quite sound again now."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."
"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66."
"'Elasto' has saved me pounds."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but 'Elasto' cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
"As soon as I started taking 'Elasto' I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to 'Elasto.'"
"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
"My piles are gone, my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health." Etc., Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of 'Elasto,' the wonderful new biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

(Issued by the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.)

Here's Good News! You Can Test 'Elasto' Free!

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto,'—the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment. Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES. *This offer is too good to be missed!* ★

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15F), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON ★

FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF 'ELASTO'

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet "The Story of 'Elasto,'" fully explaining how 'Elasto,' **The Great Blood Revitaliser,** cures through the blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B. No. 23340.....

'Elasto' will save you pounds!

F. 40 | J.B.L.116 | 103 ★

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